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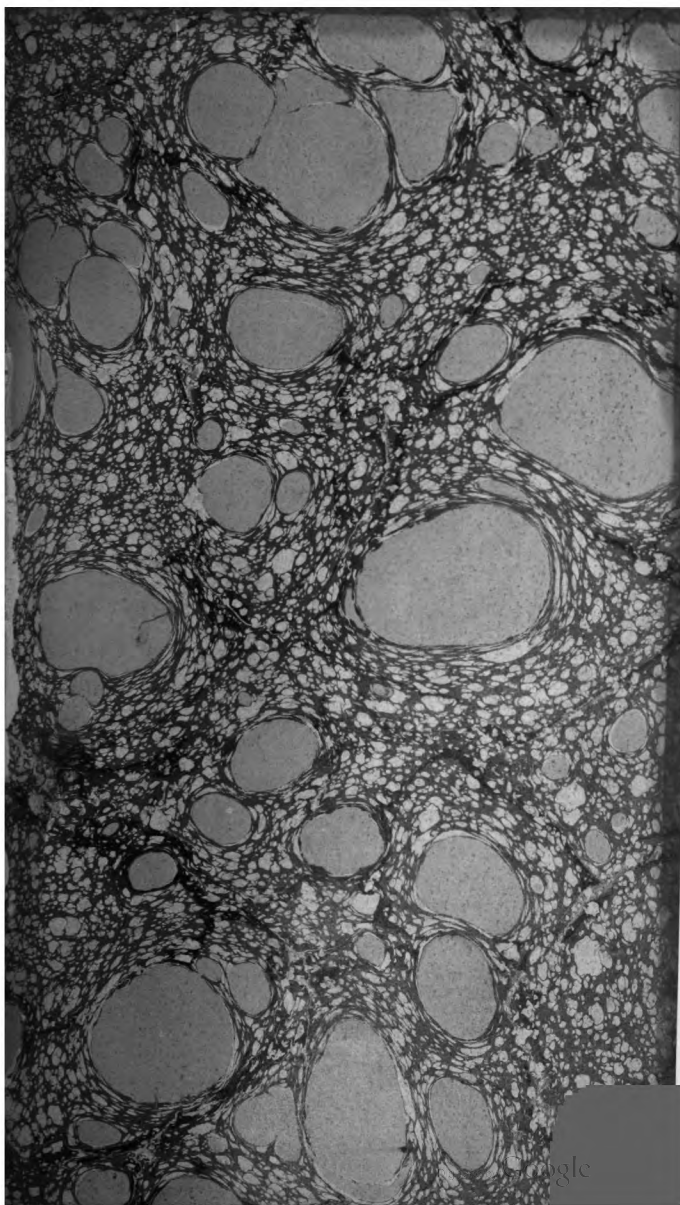


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ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΝΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΡΕΤΕΡΟΝ





**THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS**



**THE POEMS OF JAMES THOMSON  
IN TWO VOLUMES**





THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
JAMES THOMSON  
VOLUME II



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## SPRING.

**Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor,  
Nunc frudent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.**

**VIRG.**





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,

**I** HAVE always observed that, in addresses of this nature, the general taste of the world demands ingenious turns of wit, and disguised artful periods, instead of an open sincerity of sentiment flowing in a plain expression. From what secret impatience of the justest praise, when bestowed on others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended delicacy, is beyond my purpose here to inquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the disposition of a soul sincerely pleased with the contemplation of what is beautiful, and excellent, than wit and turn; I have too much respect for your Ladyship's character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling manner, or venture on a particular detail of those truly amiable qualities of which it is composed. A mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a heart overflowing

with humanity, and the whole train of virtues thence derived, that give a pleasing spirit to conversation, an engaging simplicity to the manners, and form the life to harmony, are rather to be felt, and silently admired, than expressed. I have attempted, in the following Poem, to paint some of the most tender beauties and delicate appearances of Nature; how much in vain, your Ladyship's taste will, I am afraid, but too soon discover: yet would it still be a much easier task to find expression for all that variety of colour, form, and fragrance, which enrich the Season I describe, than to speak the many nameless graces and native riches of a mind capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society. To whom then could these sheets be more properly inscribed than to you, Madam, whose influence in the world can give them the protection they want, while your fine imagination, and intimate acquaintance with rural nature, will recommend them with the greatest advantage to your favourable notice? Happy! if I have hit any of those images, and correspondent sentiments, your calm evening walks, in the most delightful retirement, have oft inspired. I could add too, that as this Poem grew up under your encouragement, it has therefore a natural claim to your patronage. Should you read it with approbation, its music shall

not droop ; and should it have the good fortune to deserve your smiles, its roses shall not wither. But, where the subject is so tempting, lest I begin my Poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break short, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with the highest respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.





# SPRING.

## ARGUMENT.

**THE** subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hartford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.





## SPRING.



COME, gentle SPRING! ethereal Mild-  
ness! come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping  
cloud,

While Music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts     5  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With Innocence and Meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my Song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly WINTER passes off,  
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts:  
His Blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;  
While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind touch,

Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost, 16  
 The Mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,  
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
 Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving sleets  
 Deform the Day delightless : so that scarce  
 The Bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,  
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore  
 The Plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun, 26  
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more  
 The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;  
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
 Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

Forth fly the tepid Airs : and unconfined,  
 Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.  
 Joyous, the impatient Husbandman perceives 34  
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers  
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The Master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White, through the neighbouring fields the Sower  
 stalks, 44

With measured step ; and, liberal, throws the grain  
 Into the faithful bosom of the Ground ;  
 The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious Man  
 Has done his part. Ye fostering Breezes, blow !  
 Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers, descend !  
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,  
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost Themes unworthy of your ear :  
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung  
 To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refined.  
 In ancient times the sacred Plough employ'd  
 The Kings and awful Fathers of mankind :  
 And Some, with whom compared your insect-tribes  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the Scale of Empire, ruled the Storm  
 Of mighty War ; then, with victorious hand, 63  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized  
 The Plough, and greatly independent scorned  
 All the vile stores Corruption can bestow.

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the Plough !  
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the Sun,  
 Luxuriant and unbounded ! As the Sea,  
 Far through his azure turbulent domain,  
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ; 73

So with superior boon may your rich soil, 74  
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,  
 And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,  
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,  
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
 Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power  
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,  
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!* 83  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!  
 United light and shade! where the Sight dwells  
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,  
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd Eye.  
 The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
 Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd, 92  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;  
 Where the Deer rustle through the twining brake,  
 And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing Year,  
 By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,  
 The Garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance; while the promised Fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,

Of let me wander o'er the dewy fields, 103  
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
 drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
 Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ;  
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
 Some eminence, *AUGUSTA*, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffused around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd Eye 111  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian Wilds*, a cutting Gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
 The clammy Mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
 Untimely Frost ; before whose baleful Blast  
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,  
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North, 120  
 Myriads on myriads, Insect-armies waft  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd Core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble Race ! yet oft  
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance ; on whose course  
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.  
 To check this Plague, the skilful Farmer chaff  
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;  
 Till, all involved in smoke, the latent Foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls : 130



Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 131  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe :  
 Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
 The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, Swains ; these cruel-seeming Winds  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,  
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with  
 rain, 139

That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne,  
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,  
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

The North-east spends his rage ; and now, shut up  
 Within his iron caves, the effusive South  
 Warms the wide Air, and o'er the void of Heaven  
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
 At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining Ether ; but by fast degrees, 148  
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling Vapour sails  
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
 Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom :  
 Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,  
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 And full of every hope and every joy,  
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze  
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a Breath  
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves 158

Of Aspin tall. The' uncurling Floods, diffused 159  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis Silence all,  
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy People streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. E'en Mountains, Vales,  
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad Creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The Clouds consign their treasures to the fields,  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.  
The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard, 177  
By such as wander through the forest-walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?  
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;  
'And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd Earth

Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ; 188  
 Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun  
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes  
 The illumined mountain, through the forest-  
 streams,

Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
 Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,  
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 196  
 Moist, bright, and green, the Landscape laughs  
 around.

Full swell the Woods ; their every Music wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling Brooks  
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the Hills,  
 The hollow lows responsive from the Vales,  
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.  
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow 204  
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,  
 In fair proportion running from the Red  
 To where the Violet fades into the sky.  
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving Clouds  
 Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism ;  
 And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold  
 The various Twine of Light, by thee disclosed  
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the Swain ;  
 He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,  
 Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs 214

To catch the falling glory ; but amazed      215  
Beholds the amusive Arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,  
A softened shade, and saturated Earth  
Awaits the Morning beam, to give to light,  
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of Botanist to number up their tribes :      224  
Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,  
In silent search ; or through the Forest, rank  
With what the dull incurious Weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain Rock,  
Fired by the nodding Verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung  
Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
Innumerable mixed them with the nursing mould,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.      233

But who their Virtues can declare ? Who pierce  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of Health, and Life, and Joy ? The Food of Man,  
While yet he lived in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood,  
A Stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease,  
The Lord, and not the Tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh Dawn then waked the gladden'd  
Race      242

Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see 243  
 The Sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam.  
 For their light slumbers gently fumed away ;  
 And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,  
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the Flock.  
 Meantime the Song went round ; and dance and  
     sport,  
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole  
 Their Hours away. While in the rosy vale 251  
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
 And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
 Not yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
 Was known among these happy Sons of HEAVEN ;  
 For reason and benevolence were law.  
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun 260  
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious Clouds  
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead  
 The Herds and Flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
 The glaring Lion saw, his horrid heart  
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.  
 For Music held the whole in perfect peace :  
 Soft sighed the Flute ; the tender Voice was heard,  
 Warbling the varied heart ; the Woodlands round

Applied their quire ; and Winds and Waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd Minutes, whence  
The fabling Poets took their Golden Age,  
Are found no more amid these Iron Times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd Mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
Which forms the Soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the Passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and Reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,  
Convulsive Anger storms at large ; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base Envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,  
Weak, and unmanly, loosens every power.  
E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul, 288  
A pensive anguish pining at the heart :  
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,  
Which, selfish joy disdainingly, seeks alone  
To bless the dearer Object of its flame.  
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and Grief,  
Of life impatient, into madness swells ;  
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.  
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more, 297

From ever changing views of good and ill, 298  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the Mind  
 With endless storm. Whence, deeply rankling,  
 grows

The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
 Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's good ;  
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,  
 Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.

At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades, 306  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a Deluge came :  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
 With universal burst, into the gulf,  
 And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth  
 Wide dash'd the Waves, in undulation vast ;  
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen  
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot  
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms  
 blush'd,

In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough.  
 Pure was the temperate Air ; an even Calm  
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland

Breathed o'er the blue expanse : for then nor Storms  
 Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage ;  
 Sound slept the Waters ; no sulphureous Glooms  
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;  
 While sickly Damps, and cold autumnal Fogs,  
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,  
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
 Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,  
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies ;  
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,  
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
 For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined Man  
 Is now become the lion of the plain,  
 And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly fold  
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the Steer,  
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
 With hunger stung, and wild necessity ;  
 Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy breast.  
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap  
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain 353



Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !  
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The Beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed : but you, ye Flocks,  
 What have you done ; ye peaceful People, what,  
 To merit death ? You, who have given us milk  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
 Against the Winter's cold ? And the plain Ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal, 363  
 In what has he offended ? He, whose toil,  
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 E'en of the clowns he feeds ? And that, perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labour ? This the feeling Heart  
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,  
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd 372  
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian Sage*.  
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a state  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul Torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;  
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream  
 Descends the billowy Foam : now is the time,  
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
 To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,

The Rod fine-tapering with elastic spring, 383  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating Line,  
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.

But let not on thy hook the tortured Worm,  
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds :  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent Sun 392  
 Has pierced the streams, and roused the Finny-race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;  
 Chief should the Western Breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether' bear the shadowy clouds.  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the  
 brooks ;

The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave 400  
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank,  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap, 410

Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore, slow dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the Monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly ;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along, 429  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line ;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :  
Till floating broad upon his breathless side, 438

And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore 439  
 You gaily drag your unresisting Prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours : but when the Sun  
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering  
 clouds,

Even shooting listless languor through the deeps ;  
 Then seek the bank where flowering Elders crowd,  
 Where scatter'd wild the Lily of the Vale

Its balmy essence breathes, where Cowslips hang  
 The dewy head, where purple Violets lurk, 447  
 With all the lowly children of the shade :

Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading Ash,  
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
 The sounding Culver shoots ; or where the Hawk,  
 High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.

There let the classic page thy Fancy lead  
 Through rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* Swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the Landscape, gliding swift 456  
 Athwart Imagination's vivid eye :

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,  
 Confused, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing Prospect bids the Muse

Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
 Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows? If Fancy then,  
 Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task;  
 Ah what shall Language do? Ah where find words  
 Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my Lays 475  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet though successful, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye Virgins, and, ye Youths, whose  
                   hearts

Have felt the raptures of refining Love;  
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my Song!  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful Reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively Fancy and the feeling heart:  
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

See where the winding Vale its lavish stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lily drinks 493

The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,  
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
 Where the Breeze blows from yon extended field  
 Of blossom'd Beans. *Arabia* cannot boast  
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence  
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished  
 soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ; 12  
 Where, undisguised by mimic *Art*, she spreads  
 Unbounded Beauty to the roving eye.  
 Here their delicious task the fervent Bees,  
 In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,  
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul.  
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 511  
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd Garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps ;  
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 521

The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace :  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round.  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemonies ; auriculas, enriched  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full renunculus, of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays  
Her idle freaks : from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father-dust,  
The varied colours run ; and, while they *break*  
On the charm'd eye, the exulting Florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,  
Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
Nor broad carnations ; nor gay-spotted pinks ;  
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 551  
 With hues on hues Expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL  
 Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!  
 To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,  
 Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

By THEE the various vegetative Tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, 560  
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.

By THEE disposed into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells  
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.

At THY command the vernal Sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root  
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things. 569

As rising from the vegetable world  
 My Theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the Woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye Nightingales! oh pour  
 The mazy-running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,  
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
 Unknown to fame, *The Passion of the Groves.*



When first the Soul of Love is sent abroad 580  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;  
And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfined. Up-springs the Lark,  
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn ;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The Thrush  
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when listening *Philomela* deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The Black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
The mellow Bullfinch answers from the grove :  
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw, 608

And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, 609  
Aid the full concert: while the Stock-dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis Love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of Love ;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive Love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance  
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem  
Softening the least approvance to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and by Hope inspired,  
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,  
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing, 627  
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;  
That NATURE'S *great Command* may be obey'd ;  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree 637

Offers its kind concealment to a few, 638  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream, 647  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
 But restless hurry through the busy air,  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The Swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often, from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,  
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,  
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient Dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her  
     blows,

Her sympathizing Lover takes his stand  
 High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies 665

Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 666  
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow Young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour. O what Passions then,  
 What melting Sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear 675  
 The most delicious morsel to their young,  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. Even so a gentle Pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all. 684  
 Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting Love,  
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspired,  
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* Race,  
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
 The unfeeling Schoolboy. Hence, around the head  
 Of wandering Swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels  
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on 694

In long excursion skims the level lawn, 695  
 To tempt him from her Nest. The Wild-duck, hence,  
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
 The Heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud !) to lead  
 The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
 Her Brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 From liberty confined, and boundless air.  
 Dull are the pretty Slaves, their plumage dull,  
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;  
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
 Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,  
 Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous art forbear !  
 If on your bosom Innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or Piety persuade.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately framed 713  
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 The astonish'd Mother finds a vacant nest,  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting Clowns  
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;  
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the Mourner to the poplar shade ;  
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
 Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,  
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall 723

Takes up again her lamentable strain 724  
 Of winding woe ; till, wide around the Woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd Youth their former bounds,  
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,  
 Demand the free possession of the sky.

This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.  
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.

Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild, 733  
 When nought but balm is breathing through the  
 woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new Tribes  
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the  
 boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still, 740

In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void  
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly  
 The parent Guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging Air receives  
 The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground  
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,

Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Roused into life and action, light in air 750

The acquitted Parents see their soaring Race, 751  
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost *Kilda's*\* shore, whose lonely Race  
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds,  
 The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,  
 Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace,  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,  
 Invite the Rook, who high amid the boughs,  
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey 769  
 Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful Hen  
 Calls all her chirping Family around,  
 Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;

\* *The farthest of the Western Islands of Scotland.*

And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 778  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The Turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the Peacock  
 spreads

His every-colour'd glory to the Sun,  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing Dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,  
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
 The Bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging Passion feels.  
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood 795  
 Dejected wanders, nor the inticing bud  
Crops,<sup>x</sup> though it presses on his careless sense.  
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,  
 He seeks the fight, and, idly-butting, feigns  
 His rival gored in every knotty trunk.  
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins ;  
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,  
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
 And groaning deep the impetuous battle mix :  
 While the fair Heifer, balmy-breathing, near, 805

*\* Because he likes this metrical effect.*



Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling  
 Steed,

With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,  
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ;  
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,  
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;  
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;  
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes  
 The exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
 Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted, by the boundless Spring,  
 Are the broad Monsters of the foaming Deep :  
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,  
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing      823  
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :  
 How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,  
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
 I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,  
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy turf,  
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.  
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,      833

Of various cadence ; and his sportive Lambs, 834  
 This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolics play, and now the sprightly Race  
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,  
 When disunited Britain ever bled,  
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state, 843  
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden  
 head ;

And, o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,  
 Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world !

What is this *mighty Breath*, ye curious, say,  
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,  
 Instructs the fowls of Heaven ; and through their  
 breast

These arts of Love diffuses ? What, but God ?  
 Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,  
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
 He ceaseless works *alone*, and yet *alone*  
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection framed  
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.  
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye  
 The informing Author in his Works appears :  
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while Water, Earth,



Ye Flower of human race!—in these green days,  
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;  
 Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchase. Pure Serenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.  
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,  
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublimed 898  
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present Deity, and taste  
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world !

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
 Thy heart inform'd by Reason's purer ray,  
 O LYTTELTON, the friend ! thy passions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,  
 Courting the Muse, through HAGLEY-PARK you  
stray ; 906  
 Thy *British Tempé* ! there along the dale,  
 With woods-o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy  
 rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
 Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,  
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade  
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various voice 915

Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
 On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,  
 You wander through the Philosophic World ;  
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
 And oft, conducted by historic Truth,  
 You tread the long extent of backward Time : 925  
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,  
 BRITANNIA'S weal ; how from the venal gulf  
 To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.  
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refined,  
 You draw the inspiring breath of ancient Song ;  
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
 Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk, 934  
 With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all  
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;  
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
 The tender heart is animated peace ;  
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
 In varied converse, softening every theme,  
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,  
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink 944

That nameless spirit of ethereal Joy, 945  
 Inimitable happiness ! which Love,  
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd Few*.  
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair  
     brow

The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;  
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd 953  
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :  
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall* in whose kind haunt  
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;  
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky, rise.

Flush'd by the Spirit of the genial Year,  
 Now from the Virgin's cheek a fresher bloom 962  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of  
     youth ;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves,  
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is Love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye Fair !

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts : 972  
 Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
 Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,  
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.  
 And let the aspiring Youth beware of Love, 981  
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame  
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond Soul,  
 Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
 Still paints the illusive form ; the kindling grace ;  
 The inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,  
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,  
 Lurk searchless Cunning, Cruelty, and Death :  
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
 Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on,  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal Joy.  
 E'en present, in the very lap of Love  
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;  
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang  
 Shoots through the conscious heart ; where Honour  
 still, 999

And great Design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic Woes, aroused,  
Rage in each thought, by restless Musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
Neglected Fortune flies ; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.  
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darkened Sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone,  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue  
The unfinish'd period falls : while borne away,  
On swelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies 1018  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declined,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to Love : or on the bank 1028



Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze,  
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,  
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon  
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
 Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,  
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
 With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
 To mingle woes with his ; or while the world 1038  
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
 His idly-tortured heart into the page,  
 Meant for the moving messenger of Love ;  
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
 With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed  
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.  
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy Power 1047  
 In any posture finds ; till the grey Morn  
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by Love : and then perhaps  
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,  
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
 Oft with the Enchantress of his Soul he talks ;  
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired  
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers 1057

Far from the dull impertinence of Man, 1c58  
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious Love,  
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not  
 how,

Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths  
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
 In night and tempest wrapp'd : or shrinks aghast,  
 Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades  
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
 The farther shore ; where succourless, and sad,  
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;  
 But strives in vain ; borne by the outrageous flood  
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.  
 These are the charming agonies of Love,  
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
 Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,

'Tis then delightful misery no more, 1075  
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
 Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,  
 Ye beds of Roses, and ye bowers of Joy,  
 Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed Peace,  
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague  
 Internal vision taints, and in a night  
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
 Ah then instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes 1085



Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings  
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human Laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but Harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into Love;  
Where Friendship full-exerts her softest Power,  
Perfect Esteem enlivened by Desire  
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence: for nought but Love  
Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:  
Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;  
Let eastern Tyrants from the light of Heaven  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:  
While those whom Love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining Fear. What is the World to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish;  
Something than Beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumined Face,

1140

Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony, and Love,  
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.  
 Meantime a smiling Offspring rises round,  
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
 The human blossom blows; and every day,  
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
 The Father's lustre, and the Mother's bloom.  
 Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task! to rear the tender Thought, 1150  
 To teach the young Idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,  
 To breathe the enlivening Spirit, and to fix  
 The generous Purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden Tear  
 Surprises often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of Bliss,  
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:  
 An elegant Sufficiency, Content, 1159  
 Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,  
 Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life,  
 Progressive Virtue, and approving HEAVEN!  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous Love;  
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:  
 Till Evening comes at last, serene and mild; 1168

When after the long vernal Day of Life,      1169  
Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected Love,  
Together down they sink in social Sleep;  
Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly  
To scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

.....  
4 24



## SUMMER.

**Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater  
Ostendit ignem : jam Procyon furit,  
Et stella vesani Leonis,  
Sole dies referente siccos.**

**Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,  
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi  
Dumeta Sylvani : caretque  
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.**

**HOR.**





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
MR. DODINGTON,  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
TREASURY, ETC.

SIR,



T is not my purpose, in this address, to run into the common tract of dedicators, and attempt a panegyric which would prove ungrateful to you, too arduous for me, and superfluous with regard to the world. To you it would prove ungrateful, since there is a certain generous delicacy in men of the most distinguished merit, disposing them to avoid those praises they so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a character in which the virtues, the graces, and the muses join their influence as much exceeds the expression of the most elegant and judicious pen, as the finished beauty does the representation of the pencil, I have the best reasons for declining such an ardu-

ous undertaking. As, indeed, it would be superfluous in itself; for what reader need to be told of those great abilities in the management of public affairs, and those amiable accomplishments in private life, which you so eminently possess. The general voice is loud in the praise of so many virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice. But may you, Sir, live long to illustrate your own fame by your own actions, and by them be transmitted to future times as the British Mæcenas!

Your example has recommended poetry with the greatest grace to the admiration of those who are engaged in the highest and most active scenes of life: and this, though confessedly the least considerable of those exalted qualities that dignify your character, must be particularly pleasing to one whose only hope of being introduced to your regard is through the recommendation of an art in which you are a master. But I forget what I have been declaring above; and must, therefore, turn my eyes to the following sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your perusal, they are put into the hands of one of the finest and, consequently, the most indulgent judges of the age: but, as there is no mediocrity in poetry, so there should be no limits to its ambition. I venture directly on the trial of my

fame. If what I here present you has any merit to gain your approbation, I am not afraid of its success; and if it fails of your notice, I give it up to its just fate. This advantage, at least, I secure to myself, an occasion of thus publicly declaring that I am, with the profoundest veneration,

SIR,

Your most devoted

humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.



# SUMMER.

## ARGUMENT.

**THE** subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dod-  
ington. An introductory reflection on the Motion of the  
Heavenly Bodies ; whence the succession of the Seasons. As  
the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the  
progress of the Poem is a description of a Summer's Day.  
The Dawn. Sunrising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon.  
Summer Insects described. Haymaking. Sheepshearing.  
Noonday. A Woodland Retreat. Group of Herds and Flocks.  
A solemn Grove : how it affects a contemplative mind. A  
Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid  
zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm  
over. A serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of Walking.  
Transition to the prospect of a rich, well cultivated Country ;  
which introduces a Panegyric on Great Britain. Sunset.  
Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole  
concluding with the praise of Philosophy.





## SUMMER.



FROM brightening fields of ether fair  
disclosed,  
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER  
comes,

In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :  
He comes attended by the sultry *Hours*,  
And ever fanning *Breezes*, on his way ;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING  
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies, 7  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling Year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare, 16.



From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance 17  
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
 Creative of the Poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early Friend,  
 In whom the human graces all unite :  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;  
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastised ; goodness and wit,  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combined ; 26  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,  
 For BRITAIN'S glory, liberty, and Man :  
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural Song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving Power,  
 Were first the unwieldy Planets launch'd along  
 The illimitable Void ! thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of Night and Day,  
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round,  
 Minutely faithful : such THE ALL-PERFECT HAND !  
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the alternate *Twins* are  
 fired,  
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze, 44

Short is the doubtful empire of the Night;      45  
 And soon, observant of approaching Day,  
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of Dews,  
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East :  
 Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd  
 step,

Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawn prospect wide.      53

The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking Currents  
 shine ;

And from the bladed field the fearful Hare  
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest-glade  
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early Passenger. Music awakes

The native voice of undissembled Joy ;      61  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Roused by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His Flock, to taste the verdure of the Morn.

FALSELY luxurious ! will not man awake ;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song ?  
 For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wise ?

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half 72  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?  
 Total extinction of the enlightened Soul;  
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd  
 dreams?

Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse  
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,  
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's brow  
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,  
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
 streams,

High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!  
 Of all material beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe!  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound, 98

Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne 99  
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round  
 Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the Planetary Train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous  
 orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
 And not as now the green abodes of Life ; 107  
 How many forms of being wait on thee !  
 Inhaling Spirit ; from the unfetter'd Mind,  
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,  
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The Vegetable World is also thine,  
 Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede  
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime. 116

Meantime the expecting Nations, circled gay  
 With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,  
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,  
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,  
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,  
 Of Bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,  
 And softened into Joy the surly *Storms*.  
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand, 126

Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower, 127  
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits ; till, kindling at thy  
 touch,

From land to land is flush'd the vernal Year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd Earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined :  
 But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,  
 The Mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines ; 135  
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd  
 War

Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace  
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce  
 binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful Rock itself impregn'd by thee,  
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid Stone.  
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays, 142  
 Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
 From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns. 152

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring, 153  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combined,  
 Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams ;  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead Creation, from thy touch,  
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,  
 In brighter mazes, the relucient Stream, 162  
 Plays o'er the mead. The Precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The Desert joys,  
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
 Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,  
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's top,  
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing, 171  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
 Unequal far ; great delegated Source  
 Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM !  
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retired  
 From mortal eye, or Angel's purer ken ;  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,  
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky :

But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd Sun,  
 And all the extinguish'd Stars, would loosening  
     reel

Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,  
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise ;  
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 E'en in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
 And to the Quire celestial THEE resound,      190  
 The Eternal Cause, Support, and End of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd ;  
 And to peruse its all instructing page,  
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
 Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,  
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms  
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent Sun  
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised Clouds,  
 And morning Fogs, that hovered round the hills  
 In party-coloured bands ; till wide unveil'd  
 The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,  
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires ;  
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;  
 While tyrant *Heat*, dispreparing through the sky,

With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210  
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race,  
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
 Before the parching beam? so fade the Fair,  
 When Fevers revel through their azure veins.  
 But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,  
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray. 219

Home, from his morning task, the Swain retreats;  
 His Flock before him stepping to the fold:  
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
 The food of innocence and health! the Daw,  
 The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks  
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;  
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the household Fowls convene;  
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
 The House-dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,  
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
 Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults  
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,  
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
 To let the little noisy summer race  
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song, 238



Not mean though simple : to the Sun ally'd, 239  
 From him they draw their animating fire.

Waked by his warmer ray, the Reptile Young  
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,  
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink  
 And secret corner, where they slept away  
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs,  
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,  
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose. 248  
 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes !  
 People the blaze. To sunny Waters some  
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool  
 They, sportive, wheel : or, sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout,  
 Or darting Salmon. Through the green-wood Glade  
 Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused, and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The Meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the House,  
 The Fold, and Dairy, hungry bend their flight ;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese ;  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.  
 But chief to heedless flies the Window proves

A constant death; where, gloomily retired, 268  
 The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhorr'd! amid a mangled heap  
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,  
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs, 277  
 Strikes backward grimly pleased: the fluttering  
 wing

And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the Ground:  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses through the woods at noon;  
 Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclined,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
 Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend.

Evading e'en the microscopic eye!  
 Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass  
 Of Animals, or Atoms organized,  
 Waiting the *vital breath*, when PARENT HEAVEN  
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,  
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud  
 Of Pestilence. Through subterranean cells, 294

Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf  
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
 Within its winding citadel, the Stone  
 Holds multitudes. But chief the Forest Boughs  
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze.  
 The downy Orchard, and the melting pulp  
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible, 304  
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
 Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the Stream  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid Air,  
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,  
 Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape  
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds 313  
 In worlds inclosed should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,  
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with Noise.

Let no presuming impious Railer tax  
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
 His Works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind? 323

As if upon a full proportion'd dome, 324  
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art !  
 A critic Fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things ;  
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 333  
 The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down  
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink  
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss !  
 From which astonished Thought, recoiling, turns ?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,  
 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant Sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolved,  
 The quivering Nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
 E'en so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;  
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes  
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial mead :

The rustic Youth, brown with meridian toil, 353  
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy Maid,  
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 E'en stooping Age is here; and Infant-hands  
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field, 362  
 They spread the breathing harvest to the Sun,  
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
 Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band, 371  
 They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog  
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
 Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,  
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
 The clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,  
 Ere the soft fearful People to the flood  
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the Swain,  
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more, 381

Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And panting labour to the farther shore.  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-washed Fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,  
 The Trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
 Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd Flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,  
 Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows  
 The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-king;  
 While the glad Circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;  
 Others the unwilling Wether drag along;  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy Boy 410

Holds by the twisted horns the indignant Ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies !  
 What softness in its melancholy face,  
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !  
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you waved ;  
 No, 'tis the tender Swain's well guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees  
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands  
 The exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage :  
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,  
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast ;  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all  
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot-ascending Steams  
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the root 439

Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440  
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither e'en the soul.  
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
 Of sharpening scythe: the Mower sinking heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;  
 And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard  
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very Streams look languid from afar;  
 Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
 And restless turn, and look around for Night;  
 Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.  
 Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side 458  
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And every passion aptly harmonized,  
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed. 468



Welcome, ye Shades ! ye bowery Thickets, hail !  
 Ye lofty Pines ! ye venerable Oaks !  
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted Hart the sallying spring,  
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage'd brink.  
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort  
 glides ;

The Heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded Eye  
 And Ear resume their watch ; the Sinews knit ;  
 And Life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around the adjoining brook, that purls along  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffused into a limpid plain ;  
 A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
 Rural confusion ! on the grassy bank 486  
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious Ox, of honest front,  
 Which incomposed he shakes ; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the Monarch-swain ; his careless arm  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd :

There, listening every noise, his watchful Dog. 497

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
Of angry Gad-flies fasten on the Herd ;  
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,  
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
They scorn the Keeper's voice, and scour the plain ;  
Through all the bright severity of Noon ;  
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this Season too the Horse, provoked, 506  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effused,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,  
And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !  
Bears down the opposing stream : quenchless his  
thirst ;

He takes the river at redoubled draughts ; 514  
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :  
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient Bards the inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retired, 524

Conversed with angels, and immortal forms, 525  
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
 Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice ;  
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd Soul  
 For future trials fated to prepare ;  
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives  
 His Muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs  
 Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's breast  
 (Backward to mingle in detested war, 534  
 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ;  
 And numberless such offices of love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
 A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel  
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, me-  
 thinks, 542

A Voice, than human more, the abstracted ear  
 Of Fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,  
 Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we  
 From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,  
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,  
 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
 Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive Song, 552

Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd 553  
 By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,  
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD.  
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,  
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade :  
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear 562  
 Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,\* of that sacred band?  
 Alas, for us too soon!—though raised above  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel  
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :  
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ;  
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes, 571  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspired : where moral Wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of Art ; and Virtue glow'd,  
 In all her smiles, without forbidding Pride.  
 But, O thou best of Parents ! wipe thy tears ;  
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay  
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while  
 Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom

\* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738, upon whom Thomson wrote an Epitaph.

Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580

Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of Death  
Kills not the buds of Virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,  
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound  
Of a near Fall of water every sense  
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking  
back, 588

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious Flood  
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft 597  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortured Wave here find repose:  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;  
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow 607

He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars, 608  
 With upward pinions through the flood of day ;  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,  
 Gains on the Sun ; while all the tuneful Race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
 The Stock-dove only through the forest cooes,  
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
 Short interval of weary woe ! again 617  
 The sad idea of his murder'd Mate,  
 Struck from his side by savage Fowler's guile,  
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds  
 A louder Song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
 All in the freshness of the humid air :  
 There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
 An ample chair moss-lined, and over head  
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the Bee 626  
 Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm  
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,  
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,  
 And view the wonders of the TORRID ZONE :  
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compared,  
 Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent Sun,  
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky 636

The short-lived Twilight ; and with ardent blaze  
 Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air :  
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the Morn,  
 The *general breeze*,\* to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting World.  
 Great are the Scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year  
*Returning Suns* and *double Seasons* † pass :  
 Rocks rich in gems, and Mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high Equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays :  
 Majestic Woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ;  
 Or to the far Horizon wide diffused,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty Trees, to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble Sons of potent heat and floods  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd Fruits of keen delicious taste

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs, 659  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,  
 Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear, me *Pomona!* to thy citron Groves ;  
 To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,  
 With the deep Orange, glowing through the green,  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined  
 Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling Fruit. 668  
 Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the  
 Maze,

Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig ;  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant Cedar wave,  
 And high Palmetos lift their graceful shade.  
 Or stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun, 676  
 Give me to drain the Cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the Palm to draw its freshening wine !  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice  
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs  
 Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd ;  
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
 Of Berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
 Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.  
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride  
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er 686



The Poets imaged in the Golden Age : 687

Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove* !

From these the Prospect varies. Plains immense  
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads,  
And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,  
Unfix'd, is in a verdant Ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
Exuberant Spring : for oft these valleys shift  
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
And swift to green again, as scorching Suns,  
Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.

Along these lonely Regions, where, retired  
From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells  
In awful solitude, and naught is seen  
But the wild Herds that own no master's stall,  
Prodigious Rivers roll their fattening seas : 705

On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
Cased in green scales, the Crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail  
Behemoth\* rears his head. Glanced from his side,  
The darted Steel in idle shivers flies :  
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;  
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the Herds,

\* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

In widening circle round, forget their food, 714  
 And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval Trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;  
 Or mid the central depth of blackening Woods,  
 High raised in solemn theatre around,  
 Leans the huge Elephant : wisest of brutes !  
 O truly wise, with gentle might endow'd,  
 Though powerful, not destructive ! here he sees  
 Revolving Ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And Empires rise and fall ; regardless he  
 Of what the never-resting race of Men  
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his steps ;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind. 732

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
 Profusely pours.\* But, if she bids them shine,  
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of Day,

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song. 740  
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose Legions cast  
 A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,  
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
 Through the soft silence of the listening Night,  
 The sober-suited Songstress trills her lay.

But come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,  
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan, 749  
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb  
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds  
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.  
 Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the mask  
 Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;  
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,  
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*. 758

2 | Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,  
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,  
 From jasmine grove to grove, mayst wander gay,  
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.  
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops; 768

Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ; 769  
 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields ;  
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw  
 Ethereal Soul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear  
 The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ; 778  
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind :  
 A land of wonders ! which the Sun still eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene ! in blazing height of  
 Noon,

The Sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.  
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 786  
 Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot Equator crowding fast,  
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
 Admits their stream, incessant Vapours roll,  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed  
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow, 796

And by conflicting Winds together dash'd, 797  
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne,  
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war  
 Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The Treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
 Of ancient Knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,  
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling *Nile* ;  
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm,  
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake  
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant Stream.

There, by the Naiads nursed, he sports away  
 His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,  
 That with unfading verdure smile around.  
 Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks ;  
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815  
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit  
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks  
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods  
 In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave  
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*

Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar* ; 826  
 From *Menam's*\* orient Stream, that nightly shines  
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
 On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower:  
 All, at this bounteous Season, ope their urns,  
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy World, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,  
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*  
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the Native drives 835  
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends  
 The mighty *Orellana*.† Scarce the Muse  
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
 Our Floods are rills. With unabated force,  
 In silent dignity they sweep along,  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
 Where the sun Smiles and Seasons teem in vain,  
 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,

\* The river that runs through Siam: on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects, called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,      851  
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;  
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd  
 By Christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel Sons.  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
 Whose vanquish'd tide recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;  
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of Wealth ?  
 This gay profusion of luxurious Bliss ?  
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain ?  
 By vagrant birds dispersed and wafting winds,  
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool  
     draughts,  
 The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,  
 Their Forests yield ? their toiling insects what,  
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?      868  
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,  
*Golconda's* gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines ;  
 Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun ?  
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,  
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?  
 Ill-fated Race ! the softening arts of Peace,  
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;  
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;  
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;

Investigation calm, whose silent powers 879  
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to  
 Heaven;

Kind equal rule, the government of laws,  
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone  
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:  
 These are not theirs. The parent Sun himself  
 Seems o'er this world of Slaves to tyrannize;  
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom  
 Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue, 887  
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
 Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,  
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
 The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight  
 Of sweet Humanity: these court the beam  
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,  
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
 There lost. The very Brute creation there 896  
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark abode,  
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,  
 At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train  
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,  
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening  
 tongue

And deathful jaws erect, the Monster curls  
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd, 905



Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,  
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins  
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,  
This Child of vengeful Nature! there, sublimed  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage Race  
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,  
And foul misdeed, when the pure Day has shut  
His sacred eye. The Tiger darting fierce  
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.  
The lively shining Leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,  
The keen Hyena, fellest of the fell.  
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods  
Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,  
That verdant rise amid the *Libyan* wild, 924  
Innumeros glare around their shaggy King,  
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;  
And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
Demand their fated food. The fearful Flocks  
Crowd near the guardian Swain ; the nobler herds,  
Where round their lordly Bull, in rural ease  
They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
The coming rage. The awaken'd Village starts ;  
And to her fluttering breast the Mother strains  
Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pirate's* den,

Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escaped, 935  
 The Wretch half wishes for his bonds again :  
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone  
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
 And views the Main that ever toils below ;  
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge, 944  
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
 Ships, dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds ;  
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted Roar is up,  
 And Hiss continual through the tedious Night.  
 Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes  
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,  
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retired, 953  
 Her CATO following through *Numidian* wilds :  
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains,  
 And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours ;  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the splendid Robber's boon.

Nor stop the Terrors of these regions here.  
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,  
 Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot  
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,

A suffocating Wind the pilgrim smites 964  
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,  
 Son of the desert! e'en the Camel feels,  
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
 Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Straight the Sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play :  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;  
 Till with the general all-involving storm  
 Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise ; 973  
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
 Beneath descending hills, the Caravan  
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crowded streets  
 The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flextile wave  
 Obeys the blast, the aërial Tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide, 982  
 Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,  
 The circling Typhon\*, whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
 And dire Ecnephia\* reign. Amid the heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†  
 Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.

\* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

Of no regard, save to the skilful Eye, 989  
 Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the Demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.  
 In wild amazement fix'd the Sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd, 998  
 His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.  
 With such mad seas the daring GAMA \* fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant, labouring round the *stormy Cape* ;  
 By bold Ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged  
 The rising World of Trade: the *Genius*, then,  
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth, 1007  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
 For idle Ages, starting, heard at last [spired,  
 The LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; † who, HEAVEN-in-  
 To LOVE of useful Glory roused Mankind,  
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

\* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms, 1013  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Here dwells the direful Shark. Lured by the scent  
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
 Swift as the Gale can bear the ship along ;  
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,  
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons,  
 Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.  
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves  
 Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled  
 limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,  
 And draws the copious stream : from swampy fens,  
 Where Putrefaction into life ferments,  
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,  
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
 Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth  
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent Disease.  
 A thousand hideous Fiends her course attend,  
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
 And feeble desolation, casting down  
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagera* quench'd 1040

The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw  
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw,  
 To infant-weakness sunk the Warrior's arm;  
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
 The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye  
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;  
 Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,  
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,  
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050  
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
 The fiercest Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,  
 Descends? from *Ethiopia's* poison'd woods,  
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields  
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The Brutes escape. Man is her destined prey,  
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the Sun, suffused,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,  
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,  
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy world. 1069



And, roused within the subterranean world, 1097  
 The expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes  
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.  
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :  
 A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual Darkness broods ; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharged  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds, 1106  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various-tinctured trains of latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening Gloom, a magazine of Fate,  
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal roused,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115  
 They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns,  
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull  
 Sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial Tribes  
 Descend : the tempest-loving Raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The Cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens



Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook,                    1125  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening Fear, and dumb Amazement all :  
 When to the startled eye the sudden Glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,  
 The Tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The Lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The Noise astounds : till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds  
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 The unconquerable Lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering Pine  
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless group the blasted Cattle lie :  
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still 1154  
 In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning Bull,  
 And Ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy Woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.  
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud  
 The repercussive Roar: with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude rocks 1163  
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and *Snowden's* Peak,  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
 Far seen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,  
 And *Thulé* bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled  
 thought;

And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON 1171  
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair,  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless Passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.  
 'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,  
 The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow, 1181

Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all 1182  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil hour,  
 The Tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.  
 Heavy with instant Fate, her Bosom heaved  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In HEAVEN repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook  
 Her Frame near dissolution. He perceived  
 The unequal conflict, and as Angels look  
 On dying Saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,  
 "Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to offence,  
 And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involves  
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour  
 Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1210

Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 To clasp Perfection !” From his void embrace,  
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous Maid.  
 But who can paint the Lover, as he stood,  
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd Clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, the interminable Sky  
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands  
 A purer azure. Nature from the storm,  
 Shines out afresh ; and through the lighten'd air  
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign 1229  
 Of danger past, a glittering Robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,  
 Most-favour'd ; who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the Chorus of this lower world ?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand 1239

That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that Spark the tempest waked,  
 That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly Youth  
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands  
 Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below ;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
 Instant emerge ; and through the obedient wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
 Effuses on the pleased Spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,  
 The kind refresher of the Summer-heats ;      1258  
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
 Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserved,  
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse  
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
 Knit into force ; and the same *Roman Arm*,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
 Even from the body's purity, the mind  
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.      1263

Close in the covert of an hazel copse, 1269  
 Where, winded into pleasing solitudes,  
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,  
 Pensive, and pierced with Love's delightful pangs.  
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that  
 play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he  
 Of MUSIDORA'S Cruelty complain'd.  
 She felt his Flame; but deep within her breast  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
 The soft Return conceal'd; save when it stole  
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
 He framed a melting Lay, to try her heart;  
 And, if an infant Passion struggled there,  
 To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain!  
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the Fate 1286  
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:  
 Warm in her cheek the sultry Season glow'd;  
 And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe  
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd.  
 A pure ingenious Elegance of Soul,  
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1296

Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire. 1297  
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in virtue, say,  
 Say, ye Severest, what would you have done ?  
 Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest  
*Arcadian* stream, with timid eye around  
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
 Ah then ! not *Paris* on the piny top  
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside  
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1306  
 Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,  
 Than, *DAMON*, thou ; as from the snowy leg,  
 And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew ;  
 As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone ;  
 And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,  
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,  
 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view ;  
 As from her naked limbs of glowing white, 1315  
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
 In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn ;  
 And fair exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,  
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?  
 Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood  
 Its lovely guest with closing waves received ;  
 And every beauty softening, every grace  
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :  
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ; 1325

Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1326  
 Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.  
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
 That half-embraced her in a humid veil,  
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew  
 Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,  
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
 By Love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1335  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
 Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling, from the shade,  
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these Lines,  
 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my  
     Fair,  
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye  
 Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,  
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot, 1343  
 And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the Statue\* that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd

\* The Venus of Medici.



In careless haste, the alarming Paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her DAMON's well known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,  
 Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her Lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted. E'en a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1361  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this Confession carved,  
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy:  
 " Dear youth! sole Judge of what these verses  
 mean,

By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,  
 Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now 1369  
 Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The Sun has lost his rage: his downward Orb  
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth  
 And vital lustre; that with various ray  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of  
 Heaven,  
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
 The dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant Earth 1378

And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,  
 And in pathetic Song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social Friends,  
 Attuned to happy unison of soul ;  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the Vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly  
       fraught

With philosophic stores, superior light ;  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;  
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :  
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,  
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum* forth they walk ;  
 By that kind *School* where no proud Master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1396  
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, Lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE  
 Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good*.  
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1406

While radiant Summer opens all its pride, 1407  
 Thy hill, delightful *Shene*?\* Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd Eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,  
 Now to the *Sister-Hills* † that skirt her plain,  
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where  
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.  
 There let the feasted Eye unwearied stray:  
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods  
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON'S retreat;  
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,  
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy QUEENSBERRY yet laments his GAY,  
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;  
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt  
 In *Twit'nam's* bowers, and for their POPE implore  
 The healing God; ‡ to royal *Hampton's* pile,  
 To *Clermont's* terraced height, and *Esher's* groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced  
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,  
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.

\* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon, Shining, or Splendor.

† Highgate and Hampstead. ‡ In his last sickness.

Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse 1433  
Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!

O Vale of bliss! O softly swelling Hills!  
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and  
spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching Landscape into smoke decays!  
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,  
Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad  
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;  
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian Oaks; thy Valleys float  
With golden waves: and on thy Mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with wealth:  
And Property assures it to the swain,  
Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;  
And Trade and Joy, in every busy street,  
Mingling are heard; e'en Drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews 1460

The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,  
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous Youth,  
 By Hardship sinew'd, and by Danger fired,  
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
 Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas. 1470  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;  
 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high;  
 For every Virtue, every Worth renown'd;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;  
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provoked,  
 The Dread of tyrants, and the sole Resource  
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! ALFRED thine, 1479  
 In whom the splendour of heroic War,  
 And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,  
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,  
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings!*  
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRIES shine,  
 Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,  
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,  
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,  
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal, 1489

Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful rage, 1490  
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,  
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.  
 Frugal and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine,  
 A DRAKE, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
 Then flamed thy spirit high ; but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?  
 In RALEIGH mark their every Glory mix'd ; 1499  
 RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with  
 all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
 Explored the vast extent of ages past,  
 And with his Prison-hours enrich'd the world ;  
 Yet found no Times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,  
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1517

In all thy native pomp of freedom bold. 1518  
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulged,  
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;  
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him 1527  
 His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS,\* fearless bled;  
 Of high determined spirit roughly brave,  
 By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love  
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1536  
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,  
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.  
 The great Deliverer he! who from the gloom

\* Algernon Sydney.

Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
Let forth the true Philosophy, there long  
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
And definitions void: he led her forth,  
Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,  
Investigating sure the chain of things,  
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.  
The generous ASHLEY\* thine, the friend of man;  
Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
And with the *moral Beauty* charm the heart.  
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search  
Amid the dark recesses of his Works,  
The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,  
Who made the whole internal world his own?  
Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD  
To mortals lent, to trace His boundless Works  
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame 1562  
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boast?  
Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?  
A genius universal as his Theme,

\* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.



Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 1570  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing son ;  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :  
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,  
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy Genius thrown.

May my Song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,  
 BRITANNIA, hail ! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,  
 Shaped by the hand of Harmony ; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, through the native white  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,  
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love  
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of Bliss ! amid the subject Seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores 1598

Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ; 1599  
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose Almighty *Nod* the scale  
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,  
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;  
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent  
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;  
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind : 1608  
*Courage* composed, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,  
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*,  
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;  
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untired,  
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 That first paternal Virtue, *Public Zeal* ;  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey, 1617  
 And, ever musing on the common weal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,  
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting Clouds  
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,  
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
 Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,  
 As if his weary Chariot sought the bowers  
 Of *Amphitrité*, and her tending nymphs,  
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb ; 1627

Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
Passes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void ;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle blank :  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd, 1637  
Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the generous still-improving Mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1646

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
A thousand *Shadows* at her beck. First *This*  
She sends on earth ; then *That* of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher Gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;

While the Quail clamours for his running mate.  
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
 A whitening Shower of vegetable down  
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed  
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the Shepherd home  
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy Milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1666  
 The Beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that blest language shown  
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where  
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
 In various game, and revelry to pass  
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell. 1675

But far about they wander from the Grave  
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged  
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
 Of impious violence. The lonely Tower  
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,  
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The Glowworm lights his gem ; and through the  
 dark,

A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields

The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe 1685  
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd  
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
 Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd  
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven  
 Thence weary Vision turns; where, leading soft  
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
 Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,  
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,  
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.  
 As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,  
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent Lightnings shoot  
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart  
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring Crowds  
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs, 1703  
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;  
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space  
 Returning, with accelerated course,  
 The rushing Comet to the Sun descends;  
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith 1713

And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,  
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,  
 The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a joy  
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,  
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting  
                   spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
 While, from his far excursions through the wilds  
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
 They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,           1722  
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps  
 To lend new fuel to declining Suns,  
 To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my Song!  
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!  
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,  
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day.  
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by  
                   thee,  
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd,

The heights of Science and of Virtue gains, 1741  
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,  
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :  
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM,  
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone  
 Possesses Being ; while the *Last* receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1750  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence POETRY exalts  
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
 Never to die ! the Treasure of mankind !  
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd *Man* ?  
 A Savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
 In quest of prey ; and with the unfashion'd fur  
 Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,  
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill  
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
 Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves  
 The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole, 1769

Mother severe of infinite delights ! 1770  
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !  
 Whose horrid circle had made human life  
 Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,  
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;  
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
 Embellish life. While thus laborious Crowds  
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs  
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal Breath 1779  
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail  
 Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high  
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex  
 Of never ending wonders, to conceive  
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,  
 And Nature moved complete. With inward view,  
 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns  
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
 The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;  
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :  
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;  
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins  
 The world of spirits, action all, and life  
 Unfetter'd and unmixt. But here the cloud, 1798



So wills **ETERNAL PROVIDENCE**, sits deep. 1799  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,  
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove,  
The final issue of the works of **GOD**,  
By boundless **LOVE** and perfect **WISDOM** form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising **Mind**.

Case 19  
Feb 27

# AUTUMN.

INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ.  
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry raised by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest storm. Shooting and Hunting; their barbarity. A ludicrous Account of Foxhunting. A view of an Orchard. Wall Fruit. A Vineyard. A Description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a Digression, inquiring into the rise of Fountains and Rivers. Birds of Season considered, that now shift their Habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the Northern and Western Isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the Country. A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods. After a gentle dusky day, Moonlight. Autumnal Meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny Day, such as usually shuts up the season. The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life.





## AUTUMN.



**C**ROWN'D with the sickle and the  
wheaten sheaf,  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the  
yellow plain,

Comes jovial on; the Doric Reed once more,  
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry Frost  
Nitrous prepared; the various blossom'd Spring  
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-Suns  
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view, 7  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her Song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
While listening Senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song. 17

But she too pants for public Virtue, she, 18  
 Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,  
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
 To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;  
 From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence  
 shook

Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd Suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid  
 clouds

A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:  
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled Air 34  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
 Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the sky;  
 The Clouds fly different; and the sudden Sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily chequer'd heart-expanding view,  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.  
 These are thy blessings, Industry! rough Power!  
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45  
 And all the soft civility of life :  
 Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the Mind  
 Implanted, and profusely poured around  
 Materials infinite, but idle all.  
 Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still, 54  
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand  
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :  
 And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering Wretch !  
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,  
 With Winter charged, let the mixt tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ; 63  
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.  
 For home he had not ; home is the resort  
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged Savage never felt,  
 Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :  
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,  
 And roused him from his miserable sloth : 73

His faculties unfolded ; pointed out, 74  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ; 83  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspired to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ; 92  
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
 Set Science, Wisdom, Glory, in his view,  
 And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers com-  
 bined,  
 And form'd a Public ; to the general good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,  
 The free, and fairly represented Whole ;  
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws, 101

Distinguish'd orders, animated arts, 102  
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
 Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still  
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd  
 That toiling Millions must resign their weal,  
 And all the honey of their search, to such  
 As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
 In order set, protected, and inspired,  
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all, 111  
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the City rear'd  
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
 The busy Merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
 Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded  
 street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between  
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk  
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,  
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;



While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130  
 From bank to bank increased ; whence ribb'd with  
 oak,

To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,  
 The roaring Vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heaved :  
 Its ample roof ; and Luxury within  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores ; the Canvass  
 smooth,

With glowing life protuberant, to the view 137  
 Embodied rose ; the Statue seem'd to breathe,  
 And soften into flesh ; beneath the touch  
 Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him  
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
 The excluded tempest idly rave along ;  
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ; 146  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;  
 Nor to the Autumnal months could thus transmit  
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores  
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;  
 Before the ripen'd field the Reapers stand,  
 In fair array, each by the Lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil. 156

At once they stoop, and swell the lusty Sheaves ;  
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks ;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick. 166  
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen ! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
 How good the God of Harvest is to you ;  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder ; that your Sons may want 175  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had Friends ;  
 And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.  
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,  
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd 185

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn      186  
 Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride!  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning Rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure  
 As is the Lily, or the mountain Snow.  
 The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,      195  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:  
 Or when the mournful tale her Mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star,  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native Grace  
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polished limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness      204  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.<sup>x</sup>  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A Myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd      214

*What will the Nation?*

By strong Necessity's supreme command, 211  
 With smiling Patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes 224  
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment Love and chaste Desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the World prevail'd and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a Gleaner in the field ;  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :—

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense  
 And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent Clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
 Recalls that patron of my happy life, 243

From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ; 244  
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.

'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better  
 days,

His aged Widow and his Daughter live,  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantic wish ! would this the Daughter were !”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak  
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
 Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.

Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears, 261  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
 She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought,  
 So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble Friend ;  
 Alive his every feature, every look,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root. 271



In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300  
 The news immediate to her Mother brought,  
 While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined  
 away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ;  
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :  
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd 308  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry South collects a potent blast.  
 At first, the Groves are scarcely seen to stir  
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs  
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.  
 But as the aërial Tempest fuller swells,  
 And in one mighty stream, invisible, 317  
 Immense, the whole excited Atmosphere  
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;  
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping Forest pours  
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
 High beat, the circling Mountains eddy in,  
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
 Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
 Through all the sea of Harvest rolling round,  
 The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade, 327

Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ; 328  
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of Rain,  
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
 In one continuous flood. Still over head  
 The mingling Tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
 The Deluge deepens ; till the fields around  
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.  
 Sudden the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.  
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams 337  
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks  
 The River lift ; before whose rushing tide  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
 Roll mingled down ; all that the Winds had spared  
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,  
 And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminence, the Husbandman  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck  
 Driving along ; his drowning Ox at once 346  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of claimant Children dear. Ye Masters, then,  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride ;  
 And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board,  
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse, 356



Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !  
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains  
 And all-involving Winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the Sportsman's joy,  
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :  
 How in his mid-career the Spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,  
 Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey ;           366  
 As in the Sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,  
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,  
 Glanced just, and sudden, from the Fowler's eye,  
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions : and again,   375  
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide dispersed,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.  
 These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,  
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;  
 Then most delighted, when she social sees  
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of Death,  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385

Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn : 386  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
 Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man,  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel Chase,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395  
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton rage,  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare !  
 Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 Retired: the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;  
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
 Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits  
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,  
 By Nature raised to take the horizon in ;  
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
 In act to spring away. The scented dew 414

Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415  
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once :  
 The Pack full-opening, various ; the shrill Horn  
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing Steed,  
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud Hunter's shout ;  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all 424  
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The Stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
 He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by Fear,  
 Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight ;  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :  
 Deception short ! though fleeter than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the North,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
 The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends

He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy. 444  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :  
 Oft seeks the Herd ; the watchful Herd, alarm'd,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless Toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair. 453  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish : while the growling Pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,  
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
 Must have the chase ; behold, despising flight,  
 The roused up Lion, resolute, and slow,  
 Advancing full on the protended spear, 462  
 And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.  
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
 See the grim Wolf ; on him his shaggy foe  
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :  
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar  
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then  
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
 Loose on the nightly Robber of the fold ; 472

Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
High bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echo tost ; 482  
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,  
In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;  
Has every maze evolved, and every guile  
Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,  
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,  
With woodland honours graced ; the Fox's fur,  
Depending decent from the roof : and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The Stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome. 501

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ; 502  
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,  
 They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced  
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
 Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,  
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
 Relating all the glories of the Chase. 511  
 Then sat'd Hunger bids his Brother Thirst  
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,  
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath  
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,  
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears  
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520  
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while  
 Walks his grave round beneath a cloud of smoke,  
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding Gammon : while romp-loving miss  
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.  
 At last these puling idlenesses laid 530

Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan 531  
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious Drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
 Indulged apart; but earnest, brimming bowls  
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,  
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, [hounds,  
 In endless mazes, intricate perplex'd.  
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 The impatient Catch bursts from the joyous heart;  
 That moment touch'd is each congenial soul;  
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
 The Laugh, the Slap, the jocund Curse go round;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd

Hounds

548

Mix in the music of the day again.  
 As when the Tempest, that has vex'd the deep  
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;  
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
 Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,  
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,  
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,  
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers, 558

As if the table even itself was drunk, 559  
 Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,  
 Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride  
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
 Perhaps some Doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
 Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock  
 Retiring, full of rumination sad, 568  
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.  
 Far be the spirit of the Chase from them !  
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
 To spring the fence, to reign the prancing steed ;  
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;  
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all 577  
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
 With every motion, every word, to wave  
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
 And from the smallest violence to shrink  
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
 And by this silent adulation, soft,  
 To their protection more engaging Man.  
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game, 587



Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress !  
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;        597  
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
 And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race  
 To rear their graces into second life ;  
 To give society its highest taste ;  
 Well order'd home man's best delight to make ;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 With every gentle care-eluding art,  
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,        606  
 Even charm the pains to something more than joy,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :  
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye Swains, now hasten to the hazel bank ;  
 Where, down you dale, the wildly winding brook  
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
 Ye Virgins, come. For you their latest song  
 The Woodlands raise : the clustering nuts for you  
 The Lover finds amid the secret shade ;        616

And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:  
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete;  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 626  
 Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,  
 The breath of Orchard big with bending fruit,  
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
 Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear  
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;  
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air, 635  
 In ever changing composition mix'd.  
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
 The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps  
 Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,  
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points  
 The piercing Cyder for the thirsty tongue:  
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
 Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou 645

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 646  
 With British freedom sing the British song :  
 How, from Silurian vats, high sparkling wines  
 Foam in transparent floods : some strong, to cheer  
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;  
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad Season, while his sweetest beams  
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ;  
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
 Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain ; 655  
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,  
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
 In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !  
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ;  
 New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds  
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
 Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat :  
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.  
 Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst  
 Of thy applause, I solitary court  
 The inspiring breeze : and meditate the book  
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,  
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral Song.  
 And, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,

My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :  
 Presents the downy Peach ; the shining Plum,  
 With a fine blueish mist of animals  
 Clouded ; the ruddy Nectarine ; and dark,  
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious Fig.  
 The Vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;  
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;  
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ; 684  
 Where, by the potent Sun elated high,  
 The Vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;  
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,  
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
 From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.  
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes  
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew. . 693  
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;  
 The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the field,  
 Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,  
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
 Then comes the crushing Swain ; the country floats,  
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;  
 That by degrees fermented, and refined,  
 Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy :  
 The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press 703

In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ; 704  
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy ; and quick,  
 As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,  
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
 No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
 And high between contending kingdoms rears 713  
 The rocky long division, fills the view  
 With great variety ; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :  
 Vanish the Woods : the dim-seen River seems  
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the Sun  
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 722  
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
 The Shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive closing, sits the general fog  
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,  
 A formless grey confusion covers all.  
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard) 732

Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged 733  
 Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn  
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving Mists, that constant now begin  
 To smoke along the hilly country, these,  
 With weightier rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ; [play  
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains  
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 742  
 Some Sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
 Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
 The Waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,  
 Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs ;  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
 Amusive dream ! why should the Waters love  
 To take so far a journey to the hills,  
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?  
 Or if by blind Ambition led astray, 761

They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop  
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
 The attractive sand that charm'd their course so  
 long ?

Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts,  
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke  
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,  
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,  
 That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes !  
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man,  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display 779  
 Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view !  
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;  
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds ;  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !  
 O from the sounding summits of the north,  
 The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ; 789

From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those 790  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;  
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ  
 Believes the stony girdle\* of the world :  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapp'd in storm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;  
 O sweep the eternal snows ! hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil 799  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending Mountains † of the Moon !  
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !  
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ;  
 I see the Rivers in their infant beds ! 808  
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free ;  
 I see the leaning Strata, artful ranged ;  
 The gaping Fissures to receive the rains,  
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.  
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,

\* The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenypoys*, that is, *the great stony Girdle* : because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround all Monomotapa.



The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then 814  
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths  
 The gutter'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefs ;  
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,  
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,  
 The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,  
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd :  
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores, 823  
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;  
 And welling out, around the middle steep,  
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
 The exhaling Sun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed  
 These vapours in continual current draw,  
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 832  
 In bounteous Rivers to the deep again,  
 A social commerce hold, and firm support  
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play  
 The Swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
 The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,  
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;  
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,

And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.  
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of season, there  
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months  
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now  
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
 By diligence amazing, and the strong  
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 852  
 The Stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,  
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky :  
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;  
 And many a circle, many a short essay,  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
 The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high  
 The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds. 861

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,  
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
 Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge  
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;  
 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,  
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless Native his small flock,

And herd diminutive of many hues, 872  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ! or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,  
 High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :  
 Her airy Mountains, from the waving main, 881  
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
 Breathing the soul acute ; her Forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
 Planted of old ; her azure Lakes between,  
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales ;  
 With many a cool translucent brimming Flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,  
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :  
 Nurse of a People, in Misfortune's school  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
 By Learning, when before the gothic rage  
 She took her western flight. A manly Race,  
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave ;  
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,  
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest, 900

Great patriot-hero ! ill requited chief !) 901  
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;  
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal Morn.

Oh ! is there not some Patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain ?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?  
 How, by the finest art, the native robe  
 To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar 919  
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive while Batavian fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
 Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe  
 And thus, in soul united as in name,  
 Bid Britain reign the Mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,

Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 930  
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye ;  
 In thee with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
 Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow :  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts,  
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ; 948  
 And seldom has she felt a Friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd Woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober Calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least Wave 958

Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn      959  
 The gentle current: while illumined wide,  
 The dewy-skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,  
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things :  
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet ;  
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;      968  
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,  
 And through the sadden'd Grove, where scarce is  
     heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widow'd Songster pours his plaint,  
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse :  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,      976  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades.  
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And naught save chattering discord in their note.  
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
 The gun the music of the coming year  
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
 Lay the weak Tribes a miserable prey,      986

In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 987

The pale descending Year, yet pleasing still,  
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
 And slowly circles through the waving air.  
 But should a quicker Breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
 Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,  
 The forest walks, at every rising gale, 996  
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
 Fled is the blasted Verdure of the fields ;  
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery Race  
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
 Of bolder Fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power  
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes ! 1005  
 His near approach the sudden starting tear,  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !  
 Inflames imagination ; through the breast  
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream, 1015

Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye. 1016  
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
 As varied, and as high : Devotion raised  
 To rapture, and divine astonishment ;  
 The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief,  
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
 To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth  
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn  
 Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws, 1025  
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;  
 The awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame ;  
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;  
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;  
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms ;  
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ; 1034  
 And Voices more than human, through the void  
 Deep sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear ?

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye  
 Powers,  
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful hand  
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees ;  
 O lead me to the wide extended walks,  
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe ! \*

\* The seat of Lord Cobham.



Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore 1043  
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art  
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed  
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,  
 All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,  
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,  
 Or in that Temple † where, in future times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;  
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
 While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,  
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then  
 Will tread in thought the groves of attic land;  
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.  
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand, 1061  
 Shall draw the Tragic scene, instruct her, thou,  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
 What every decent character requires,  
 And every passion speaks: O through her strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
 The attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
 Of honest Zeal the indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.  
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes : 1071  
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files  
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,  
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
 Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war ;  
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,  
 Thy temper'd ardour and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;  
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
 In her chill progress, to the ground condensed  
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon  
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scattered  
 clouds,

Shows her broad Visage in the crimson'd east.  
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted Disk,  
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,  
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
 Now through the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,  
 Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.  
 Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild

O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale, 1099  
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her Light,  
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;  
 Or near extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,  
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;  
 Oft in this season, silent from the north 1108  
 A blaze of Meteors shoots ; ensweeping first  
 The lower skies, they all at once converge  
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the Crowd,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 The appearance throws : armies in meet Array,  
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire ;  
 Till the long lines of full extended War  
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood  
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
 As thus they scan the visionary Scene,  
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent ; and busy Frenzy talks  
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,  
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ; 1127

Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ; 1128  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;  
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
 The unalterable hour : even Nature's self  
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,  
 And inspect sage ; the waving Brightness he  
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1137

Now black, and deep, the Night begins to fall,  
 A shade immense ! Sunk in the quenching Gloom,  
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety  
 One universal blot : such the fair Power  
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
 Drear is the state of the benighted Wretch,  
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;  
 Nor visited by one directive ray,  
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
 The Wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :  
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
 Now lost and now renew'd he sinks absorb'd,  
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf : 1156

While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1157  
 And plaintive children his return await,  
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,  
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
 The Meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path,  
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd Night elapsed, the Morning shines  
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright, 1166  
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the fog ;  
 The rigid hoar frost melts before his beam ;  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade  
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit  
 Lies the still heaving Hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,  
 The happy People, in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
 Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced  
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
 Sudden the dark oppressive Steam ascends ;  
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
 Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.  
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd

Ceaseless the burning Summer heats away? 1186  
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long  
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
 Awaiting renovation? when obliged,  
 Must you destroy? of their ambrosial Food  
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own 1195  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?  
 See where the stony bottom of their town  
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud City, populous and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,  
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the Day,  
 O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm, and  
 high;

Infinite splendour! wide investing all.  
 How still the Breeze! save what the filmy thread  
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
 How clear the cloudless Sky? how deeply tinged

With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch 1214  
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned  
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
 The gilded Earth! the harvest-treasures all  
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;  
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.  
 While, loose to festive Joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung  
 Youth

By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her Eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force,  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts 1231  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual Toil  
 Begins again the never ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he! who far from public Rage  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.  
 What though the dome be wanting, whose proud  
 Gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd

Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused? 1241  
 Vile intercourse! what though the glittering Robe  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?  
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary Life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury, and death? What though his bowl  
 Flames not with costly Juice; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay Care, he tosses out the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle State?  
 What though he knows not those fantastic Joys  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
 Sure Peace is his; a solid life, estranged  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1259  
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the  
     bough,  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1263



Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 1269  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;  
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ;  
 Unsullied Beauty ! sound unbroken Youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;  
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious Toil ;  
 Calm Contemplation, and Poetic Ease.

Let others brave the Flood in quest of gain,  
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
 Let such as deem it Glory to destroy  
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;  
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,  
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
 Let some, far distant from their native Soil,  
 Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,  
 Find other lands beneath another sun.  
 Let This through cities work his eager way, 1287  
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
 The social sense extinct ; and That ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let These  
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
 An iron race ! and Those of fairer front,  
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight ;  
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,

And tread the weary labyrinth of state. 1298

While He, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of  
kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the Man, who, from the world escaped,  
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year ;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting  
germs,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial Hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows, 1314  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;  
Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends 1324

With gentle throes : and, through the tepid gleams  
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his Song.  
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At Night the skies,  
 Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
 A friend, a book, the stealing Hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift

Wing

O'er land and sea imagination roams ;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his Mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;  
 Or in his breast heroic Virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
 The modest Eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling Children, twined around his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
 This is the Life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the Life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man !  
 Oh Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works ! 1353  
 Snatch me to Heaven ; thy rolling Wonders there,  
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,  
 Show me ; their Motions, Periods, and their Laws  
 Give me to scan ; through the disclosing Deep  
 Light my blind way : the mineral Strata there ;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World ;  
 O'er that the rising System, more complex,  
 Of animals ; and higher still, the Mind, 1362  
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;  
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye :  
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !  
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood,  
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
 That best ambition ; under closing Shades,  
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ;  
 And let me never, never stray from Thee !

Jan. 20  
 M. H. 30



**WINTER.**

**Horrida cano .**  
**Bruma gelu.**



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

SIR,

THE Author of the following Poem begs leave to inscribe this, his first performance, to your name and patronage: unknown himself, and only introduced by the Muse, he yet ventures to approach you, with a modest cheerfulness; for, whoever attempts to excel in any generous art, though he comes alone, and unregarded by the world, may hope for your notice and esteem. Happy if I can, in any degree, merit this good fortune: as every ornament and grace of polite learning is yours, your single approbation will be my fame.

I dare not indulge my heart by dwelling on your public character; on that exalted honour and integrity which distinguish you in that august assembly where you preside, that unshaken loyalty to your sovereign, that disinterested concern for his people which shine out, united, in all your behaviour, and finish the patriot. I am conscious



of my want of strength and skill for so delicate an undertaking; and yet, as the shepherd in his cottage may feel and acknowledge the influence of the sun with as lively a gratitude as the great man in his palace, even I may be allowed to publish my sense of those blessings which, from so many powerful virtues, are derived to the nation they adorn.

I conclude with saying that your fine discernment and humanity, in your private capacity, are so conspicuous that, if this address is not received with some indulgence, it will be a severe conviction that what I have written has not the least share of merit.

I am,

With the profoundest respect,

SIR,

Your most devoted and most faithful  
humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

# WINTER.

## ARGUMENT.

**THE** subject proposed. **Address to the Earl of Wilmington.** **First approach of Winter.** According to the natural course of the Season, various Storms described. **Rain. Wind. Snow.** The driving of the Snows : a Man perishing among them ; whence reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter Evening described ; as spent by Philosophers ; by the Country People ; in the City. **Frost.** A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. **A Thaw.** The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a Future State.





## WINTER.



**SEE**, Winter comes, to rule the varied  
year,

Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;  
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be  
these my Theme,

These ! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms,  
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,  
Pleased have I, in my cheerful Morn of life,  
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough Do-  
main ;

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;  
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,  
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the Time,

Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled.

To thee, the Patron of this first essay,  
 The Muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.  
 Since has she rounded the revolving Year :  
 Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne,  
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;  
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
 And now among the wintry clouds again,  
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ; 24  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ;  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
 Thrice happy could she fill thy judging Ear  
 With bold description, and with manly thought.  
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone,  
 And how to make a mighty People thrive ;  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, 33  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,  
 A steady spirit regularly free ;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 Into the Patriot ; these, the public Hope  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless Empire of the sky  
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
 And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year ; 43

Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the Sun  
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;  
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,  
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
 Nor is the Night unwish'd ; while vital heat,  
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious Day forsake. 53  
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,  
 And all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven,  
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
 Through Nature shedding influence malign,  
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease,  
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
 And black with more than melancholy views. 62  
 The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm ;  
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.  
 Then comes the Father of the tempest forth, 72

Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless Rains obscure  
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night, shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,  
 Each to his Home, retire ; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air, 82  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool,  
 The Cattle from the untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,  
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
 The crested Cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks, 91  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
 At last the roused-up River pours along :  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;  
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,  
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd 101

Between two meeting hills, it bursts away, 102  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders  
 through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing Hand  
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!  
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110  
 Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow  
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
 Where your aërial magazines reserved,  
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?  
 In what far distant region of the sky,  
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,  
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb 119  
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks  
 Begin to flush around. The reeling Clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the Moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
 The Stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;  
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.



Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ;  
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale,  
 E'en as the Matron, at her nightly task,  
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy Race,  
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long 139  
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train  
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight  
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove ;  
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing  
 The circling Seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide 148  
 And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the Storm with sudden burst,  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air  
 Down in a torrent. On the passive Main  
 Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust  
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
 Through the black Night that sits immense around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine 159  
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :  
 Meantime the Mountain-billows, to the clouds  
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
 Of mighty waters : now the inflated Wave  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
 Into the secret chambers of the deep, 168  
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath  
 Of full exerted Heaven they wing their course,  
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,  
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.  
 The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade. 177  
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
 The dark wayfaring Stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
 Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs  
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
 The whirling Tempest raves along the plain ;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof, 187

Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base. 188  
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking Dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.

Then too, they say, through all the burden'd Air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant  
 sighs,

That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd  
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196  
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;  
 Then straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at  
 once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary Clouds,  
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious Night,  
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;  
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of Day,  
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!  
 Ye ever tempting ever cheating train!  
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:  
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,  
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past, 214

And broken slumbers, rises still resolved, 215  
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !  
 O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my Soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener Tempests come : and fuming dun  
 From all the livid east, or piercing north, 224  
 Thick Clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.  
 Through the hush'd air the whitening Shower des-  
 cends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the Flakes  
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd Fields 232  
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white,  
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new Snow melts  
 Along the mazy current. Low the Woods  
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid Sun  
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,

'Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around 243  
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
 The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man  
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crums  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless Wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The Hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,  
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening  
                   earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.  
 Now, Shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the Whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains. 270

In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 271  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air:  
 In his own loose revolving fields, the Swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other Scenes, 280  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
 Stung with the thoughts of Home; the thoughts  
 of Home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
 His tufted Cottage rising through the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the track and bless'd abode of man;  
 While round him Night resistless closes fast,  
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
 Then throng the busy shapes into his Mind,  
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep, 298

A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ; 299  
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, un-  
 known,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks,  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of Death ; 307  
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
 In vain for him the officious Wife prepares  
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
 In vain his little Children, peeping out  
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !

Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, 316  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd Corse,  
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious Proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;  
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;  
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along, 326

How many feel, this very moment, Death, 327  
 And all the sad variety of pain.  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
 How many pine in Want, and dungeon glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread  
 Of Misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds, 336  
 How many shrink into the sordid Hut  
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the Mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345  
 In deep retired distress. How many stand  
 Around the deathbed of their dearest Friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355



The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;      356  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

    And here can I forget the generous band,\*  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans ;  
 Where Sickness pines ; where Thirst and Hunger  
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice. [burn,  
 While in the land of Liberty, the land      365  
 Whose every street and public meeting glow  
 With open freedom, little tyrants raged ;  
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;  
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;  
 E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, Sleep ;  
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;  
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled.  
 O great design ! if executed well,  
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
 Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search ;  
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,  
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,

\* The Jail Committee in the year 1729.

Much is the Patriot's weeding hand required. 383  
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men  
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry Famine roused, from all the tract  
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,  
 And wavy Apennines, and Pyrenees,  
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands; 392  
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
 Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!  
 Assembling Wolves in raging troops descend;  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
 All is their prize. They fasten on the Steed,  
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
 Nor can the Bull his awful front defend,  
 Or shake the murdering savages away. 401  
 Rapacious, at the Mother's throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of Man avails him naught.  
 E'en Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,  
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, apprized of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up, lured by the scent,  
 On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig 411

The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they  
     howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embraced  
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ;  
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
 Mountains of Snow their gathering terrors roll.  
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they  
     come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;                   419  
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,  
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the Year,  
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my Retreat,  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore  
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,                   428  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene ;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty Dead ;  
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,  
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
 With arts, and arms, and humanized a world.  
 Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-lived Volume ; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred Shades, that slowly rising pass                   438

Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates, 439  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted State,  
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,  
 That Voice of God within the attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :  
 Great moral teacher ! Wisest of mankind !  
 Solon the next, who built his common-weal  
 On Equity's wide base ; by tender laws  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd ; 448  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.  
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest Discipline, severely wise,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see,  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm devoted chief,\* who proved by Deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
 In pure majestic Poverty revered ;  
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's † fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears

\* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

Cimon sweet-soul'd ; whose Genius, rising strong,  
Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad  
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
Of every worth and every splendid art ;  
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.  
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
Timeleon, temper'd happy, mild and firm,  
Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475  
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,\*  
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.  
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,  
Phocion the Good ; in public life severe,  
To virtue still inexorably firm ;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.  
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk,  
The two Achaian heroes close the train :  
Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul  
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece ;

\* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

And he her darling as her latest hope, 493  
 The gallant Philopœmen ; who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ;  
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty People come !  
 A race of Heroes ! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame  
 Their dearest country they too fondly loved :  
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome, 502  
 Numa, who softened her rapacious sons :  
 Servius the king, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 The public Father\* who the private quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.  
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ; 511  
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
 Thy willing victim,† Carthage, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade

\* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

With Friendship and Philosophy retired. 520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while  
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :  
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,  
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.  
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse  
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of Heaven ?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ? 529

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state,  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :  
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !  
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of Song ! and equal by his side,  
 The British Muse : join'd hand in hand they walk,  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch  
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd  
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;  
 Nor those who, tuneful, waked the enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,  
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;  
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,  
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
 To bless my humble roof, with Sense refined,  
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith, 548

Unstudied Wit, and Humour ever gay. 549  
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart?  
 For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou, the darling  
 pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!  
 Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?  
 What now avails that noble thirst of Fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasured  
 store

Of Knowledge early gain'd? that eager Zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her name; 565  
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly Wit? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of Friendship, and that soul of Joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?  
 Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired:  
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless  
 frame



Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576  
 Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind ;  
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
 Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous whole  
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;  
 And each diffusive harmony unite  
 In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.  
 Then would we try to scan the moral World,  
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
 In higher order ; fitted and impell'd 585  
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
 In general good. The sage historic Muse  
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of Time :  
 Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,  
 In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,  
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;  
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,  
 Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
 That portion of divinity, that ray  
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul  
 Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
 In powerless humble Fortune, to repress  
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;  
 Then, even superior to ambition, we  
 Would learn the private Virtues ; how to glide  
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest  
 stream  
 Of rural Life : or snatch'd away by hope,

Through the dim spaces of futurity, 604  
 With earnest eye anticipate those Scenes  
 Of happiness and wonder ; where the mind,  
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form  
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before, 613  
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;  
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,  
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;  
 While well attested, and as well believed,  
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin Story round ;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round ;  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :  
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The City swarms intense. The public haunt,  
 Full of each theme and warm with mix'd discourse,  
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 632

Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy, 633  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one Gulf  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
 Upsprings the Dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ;  
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes, 642  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :  
 While, a gay Insect in his summer-shine,  
 The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet  
 stalks ;

Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;  
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the Comic Muse  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,  
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil\* show'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refined,  
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill  
 To touch the finer springs that move the world

\* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, by Sir R. Steele.

Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow, 659  
 And all Apollo's animating fire,  
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
 Of polish'd life; permit the rural Muse,  
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !  
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place)  
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind : 668  
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,  
 Rejects the allurements of corrupted power ;  
 That elegant politeness, which excels,  
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;  
 That with the vivid energy of sense,  
 The truth of Nature, which with Attic point  
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,  
 O let me hail thee on some glorious Day,  
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd  
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
 Thou to assenting reason givest again  
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the  
     heart,  
 The obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686

And e'en reluctant Party feels a while 687  
 Thy gracious power: as through the varied Maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:  
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter days,  
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,  
 For sight too fine, the ethereal Nitre flies;  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
 Storing afresh with elemental life. 696

Close crowds the shining Atmosphere; and binds  
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,  
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;  
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force  
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted Glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year,  
 A stronger Glow sits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along  
 The purer Rivers flow; their sullen deeps,  
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen  
 stores 714

Derived, thou secret all-invading Power, 715  
 Whom e'en the illusive fluid cannot fly?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped  
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense  
 Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,  
 An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career 724  
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd Ice,  
 Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven  
 Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,  
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
 Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects  
 A double noise; while, at his evening Watch, 733  
 The village Dog deters the nightly thief;  
 The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall  
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty Tread  
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain  
 Shakes from afar. The full Ethereal Round,  
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
 Of Starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
 From pole to pole the rigid Influence falls,  
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,

And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on; 744  
 Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears  
 The various labour of the silent Night :  
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendent Icicle ; the Frost-work fair,  
 Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise ;  
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen Brook,  
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ; 753  
 The Forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;  
 And by the frost refined the whiter Snow,  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread  
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain Top,  
 Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful Swains,  
 While every work of man is laid at rest,  
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport 762  
 And revelry dissolved ; where mixing glad,  
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptured Boy  
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine  
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
 From every province swarming, void of care,  
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,  
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different ways,  
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.  
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,

Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds, 773  
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
 The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise  
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's Dames,  
 Or Russia's buxom Daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome Day;  
 But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun,  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff: 782

His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale  
 Relents awhile to the reflected ray:  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd Snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
 Worse than the Season, desolate the fields; 791  
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,  
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
 Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;  
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night  
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,  
 Wide roams the Russian exile. Naught around



Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in Snow; 802  
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,  
 That stretch athwart the solitary vast,  
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main;  
 And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,  
 Save when its annual course the Caravan  
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,\*  
 With news of human-kind. Yet there Life glows;  
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
 The furry nations harbour: tipp'd with jet, 811  
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,  
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
 Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his  
 head

Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss. 819  
 The ruthless Hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,  
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
 There through the piny forest half-absorpt,

\* The old name for China.

Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless Bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,  
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus\* pierced,  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain, 837  
 Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame  
 Of lost Mankind in polish'd slavery sunk ;  
 Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,  
 And gave the vanquish'd World another form.  
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they  
 Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war ;  
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,  
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.  
 No false Desires, no pride-created Wants,  
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;  
 And through the restless ever tortured maze  
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.  
 Their Reindeer form their riches. These their tents,  
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
 Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.  
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe

\* North-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
 Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep  
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.  
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,  
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play  
 With double lustre from the radiant waste,  
 E'en in the depth of polar Night, they find  
 A wondrous Day : enough to light the Chase, 864  
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.  
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,  
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,  
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve !  
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky. 873  
 In that glad Season from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure Niemi's\* fairy mountains rise,

\* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, " From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the county call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears."

And fringed with roses Tenglio \* rolls his stream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They cheerful loaded to their Tents repair ;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.  
 Thrice happy Race ! by poverty secured  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,  
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.†  
 Throned in his Palace of cerulean ice, 894  
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;  
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
 Here the grim Tyrant meditates his wrath ;  
 Here arms his winds with all subduing frost ;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,

\* The same author observes, " I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

† The other hemisphere.

With which he now oppresses half the globe. 901  
 Thence winding Eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the Main ;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;  
 And icy mountains high on mountains piled,  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid o'er the surge,  
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,  
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
 Ocean itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury : but, in all its rage  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months 919  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable They !  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's \* fate,  
 As with first prow, (what have not Britons dared !)

\* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

He for the passage sought, attempted since 927  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing  
 stream

Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;  
 And half enliven'd by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,  
 Here Human Nature wears its rudest form.  
 Deep from the piercing Season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song,  
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,  
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active Government perform,  
 New-moulding man ? Wide-stretching from these  
 shores,

A People savage from remotest time,  
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind, 953

By Heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.  
Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! he  
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,  
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;  
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,  
To more exalted soul he raised the man.  
Ye shades of ancient Heroes, ye who toil'd  
Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!  
Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power;  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of Courts;  
And roaming every land, in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charged with the stores of Europe home he goes!  
Then Cities rise amid the illumined waste;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;  
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;  
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;  
Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before; and Armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north,  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,  
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,

Taught by the Royal hand that roused the whole,  
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade :  
 For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforced,  
 More potent still, his great Example show'd.

Muttering, the Winds at eve, with blunted point,  
 Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdued,  
 The Frost resolves into a trickling thaw.  
 Spotted the Mountains shine ; loose Sleet descends,  
 And floods the country round. The Rivers swell,  
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,  
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;  
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain  
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen Seas,  
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.  
 And hark ! the lengthening Roar continuous runs  
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts, 1002  
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the Bark with trembling wretches charged,  
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors  
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human force endure  
 The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.



More to embroil the deep, Leviathan 1014  
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,  
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,  
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
 Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
 Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,  
 Looks down with Pity on the feeble toil  
 Of mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,  
 Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate. 1023  
 'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !  
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !  
 See here thy pictured Life ; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent  
     strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled  
 Those Dreams of greatness ? those unsolid Hopes  
 Of happiness ? those longings after Fame ?  
 Those restless Cares ? those busy bustling Days ?  
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights ? those veering  
     Thoughts,  
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy Life ?  
 All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,  
 Immortal never failing friend of man,  
 His guide to Happiness on high. And see ! 1041

'Tis come, the glorious Morn ! the second birth  
 Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears  
 The new creating word, and starts to life,  
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
 For ever free. The great Eternal Scheme,  
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To reason's eye refined clears up apace.  
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power 1051  
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,  
 Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,  
 And died, neglected : why the good man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined  
 In starving solitude ; while Luxury,  
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born Truth,  
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060  
 Of Superstition's scourge : why licensed Pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distress'd !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :  
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

62.20





## A H Y M N.



THESE, as they change, Almighty Fa-  
ther, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling  
Year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and Love.  
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling Year :  
And oft thy Voice in dreadful thunder speaks :  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, Thou bidst the World adore, 19  
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force Divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;  
 Feeds every creature; hurls the Tempest forth;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living Soul, 37  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general Song! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness  
 breathes:

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms!  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and  
                   flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil  
                   paints.

Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,       63  
 Ye Constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day ! best image here below  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world :  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn Hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,       73

Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
 And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless Song  
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great Hymn ; in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled Men, to the deep organ join  
 The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to Heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre, 92  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll !  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun 102

Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam 103  
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where He vital spreads there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around, 112  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;  
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

*Nov. 26*









## SPECIMEN OF THE ALTERATIONS

MADE BY THOMSON IN THE EARLY EDITIONS OF  
THE SEASONS.

'TIS done!—dread Winter *has subdu'd the Year,*  
And reigns, tremendous, o'er *the desert plains!*  
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His *solitary empire—now, fond Man!*  
*Behold thy pictur'd life: Pass some few Years,*  
Thy flowering Spring, thy *short-liv'd Summer's* strength,  
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,  
And pale, concluding Winter *shuts thy scene,*  
And *shrouds Thee in the Grave.* Where now are fled  
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes  
Of Happiness? those longings after Fame?  
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?  
Those *Nights of secret Guilt?* those veering thoughts,  
*Fluttering 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?*  
All, now, are vanish'd! Virtue, sole, survives  
Immortal, *Mankind's never-failing Friend,*  
His Guide to Happiness on high—and see!  
'Tis come, the Glorious Morn! the second Birth  
Of Heaven, and Earth!—awakening Nature hears  
Th' *Almighty Trumpet's Voice,* and starts to Life,  
*Renew'd, unfading.* Now, th' Eternal Scheme,  
That *Dark Perplexity, that Mystic maze,*  
*Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,*  
To Reason's Eye, refined, clears up apace.  
*Angels, and Men, astonish'd pause—and dread*

*To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,  
 Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain learned! see,  
 And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that Power,  
 And Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the cause,  
 Why conscious worth, oppress'd, in secret, long,  
 Mourn'd, unregarded: why the good Man's share  
 In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:  
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans, pin'd  
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,  
 In Palaces, lay prompting her low thought  
 To form unreal Wants: Why Heaven-born Faith,  
 And Charity, prime'Grâce, wore the red marks  
 Of Persecution's Scourge: Why licens'd Pain  
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye Good Distrest!  
 Ye noble, Few! that here, unbending, stand  
 Beneath Life's Pressures—yet a little while,  
 And all your woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,  
 And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings  
 Life undecaying, Love without Allay,  
 Pure flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.*

The concluding lines of Winter, taken from the 2d Edit. 1726,—those words printed in italic show how much has been altered by the author.



THE  
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; just as in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis the First, has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.



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THE  
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The castle hight of Indolence,  
And its false luxury ;  
Where for a little time, alas !  
We lived right jollily.

I.



**M**ORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;  
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late ;  
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-  
brown'd,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,  
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;  
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :  
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;  
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood :  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
 And where this valley winded out, below, [to flow.  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky :  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;  
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard might)  
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;  
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
 Was placed, and to his lute, of cruel fate  
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.



Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by ;  
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,  
Ymolten with his syren melody ;  
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung ;

‘ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !  
See all, but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay ;  
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !  
What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

‘ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flowering thorn,  
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :  
They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,  
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove :  
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

‘ Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall  
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,  
And of the vices, an inhuman train,  
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :  
For when hard-hearted interest first began  
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;  
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,  
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

‘ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life  
Push hard up hill ; but as the furthest steep  
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
For ever vain : come, and withouten fee,  
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea  
Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

‘ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,  
To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;  
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;  
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,  
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,  
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;  
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

‘ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
From village on to village sounding clear ;  
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;  
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;  
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear,  
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,  
With sounds that are a misery to hear :  
But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

‘ Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,  
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :  
They who are pleased themselves must always please ;  
On others’ ways they never squint a frown,  
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :  
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,  
With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
Is sooth’d and sweeten’d by the social sense ;  
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish’d hence.

‘ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;  
Above the reach of wild ambition’s wind,  
Above those passions that this world deform,  
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?  
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray  
Across the enliven’d skies, and make them still more  
gay.

‘ The best of men have ever loved repose :  
They hate to mingle in the ‘filthy fray ;  
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
Imbitter’d more from peevish day to day.  
E’en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
The most renown’d of worthy wights of yore,  
From a base world at last have stolen away :  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

‘ But if a little exercise you choose,  
Some zest for ease, ’tis not forbidden here :  
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,  
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;  
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,  
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
You may delude : the whilst, amused, you hear  
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr’s sigh,  
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

‘ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you have won  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto’s reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :  
But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.’

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain'd  
The deep vibrations of his witching song ;  
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd  
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,  
In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam  
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,  
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,  
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream :

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,  
And here his baneful bounty first began :  
Though some there were who would not further pass,  
And his alluring baits suspected han.  
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.  
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :  
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can :  
For do their very best they cannot fly,  
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight ;  
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,  
They found themselves within the cursed gate ;  
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;  
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue :  
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;  
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,  
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :  
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,  
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,  
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose  
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :  
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose ;  
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,  
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran, [peep :  
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly  
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,  
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call :  
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,  
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.  
This boy he kept each band to disengage,  
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
But ill becoming his grave personage,  
And which his portly paunch would not permit ;  
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime, the master-porter wide display'd  
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;  
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd  
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
And waves the summer woods when evening frowns ;  
O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,  
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,  
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped  
That in the middle of the court up-threw  
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
And falling back again in drizzly dew ;  
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew ;  
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare ;  
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance grew,  
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ; [ fair,  
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more

This right perform'd, all inly pleased and still,  
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made :  
' Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will ;  
And wander where you list, through hall or glade ;  
Be no man's pleasure for another staid ;  
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade !  
Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :  
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,  
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,  
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,  
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,  
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,  
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,  
No living creature could be seen to stray ;  
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd ;  
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,<sup>1</sup>  
Placed far amid the melancholy main,  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;  
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign  
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)  
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro :  
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !  
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,  
And all the widely silent places round,  
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
But how shall I attempt such arduous string ?  
I who have spent my nights, and nightly days,  
In this soul-deadening place loose-loitering :  
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?



Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,  
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire !  
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,  
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;  
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;  
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,  
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,  
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell  
What elegance and grandeur wide expand ;  
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?  
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band ;  
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;  
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed ;

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,  
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;  
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old ocean 'genders in his round :  
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,  
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;  
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,  
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;  
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.  
 For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;  
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
 And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortured heart ;  
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart ;  
 While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace  
[impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
 Depainted was the patriarchal age ;  
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.  
 Toil was not then : of nothing took they heed,  
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :  
 Bless'd sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :  
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;  
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;  
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;  
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,  
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,  
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease :  
Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,  
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :  
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares,

A certain music, never known before,  
Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind ;  
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,  
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,  
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined ;  
From which, with airy flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :  
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.\*

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul :  
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole  
They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart ;  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :  
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,  
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;  
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :  
When sleep was coy, the bard,<sup>3</sup> in waiting there,  
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;  
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began  
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
As heaven and earth they would together mell :  
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call  
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;  
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall,

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;  
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,  
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,  
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.  
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;  
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !  
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy land :  
 She has no colours that like you can glow :  
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
 Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
 Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
 Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite  
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;  
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
 Down down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,  
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ; [keep.  
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :  
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :  
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
And let them virtue with a look impart :  
But chief, a while, O ! lend us from the tomb  
Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
And fill with pious awe and joy-mix'd woe the heart.

Or are you sportive——Bid the morn of youth  
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;  
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways  
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;  
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
Of the wild brooks !—but, fondly wandering wide,  
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,  
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly  
Of idly busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which, obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste :—  
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

'Of vanity the mirror,' this was call'd :  
 Here, you a muckworm of the town might see,  
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,  
 Eat up with carking care and penury ;  
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.  
 'A penny saved is a penny got :'  
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !  
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,  
 The silly tenant of the summer air,  
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;  
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share ;  
 His father's ghost from limbo lake, the while,  
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,  
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,  
 Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the pen,  
 As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage ;  
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage :  
 Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?  
 To lose the present, gain the future age,  
 Praised to be when you can hear no more, [store.  
 And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly

Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :  
 Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew :  
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !  
 At every door, hark how they thundering call !  
 Good lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?  
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;  
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,  
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ;  
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd  
 The important shoulder ; then, as if to get  
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set :  
 No sooner Lucifer<sup>4</sup> recalls affairs,  
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ; [ cares,  
 When lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their  
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs."

But what most show'd the vanity of life,  
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
 In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife :  
 Most christian kings, inflamed by black desire,  
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour ;  
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
 Then sit them down just where they were before,  
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.



To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
A useless were, and eke an endless task ;  
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask  
For place or pension laid in decent row ;  
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
There was a man of special grave remark ;  
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face.  
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involved, not dark ;  
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,  
And teach the noblest morals of the heart :  
But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
Which or boon nature gave, or nature painting art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound ;  
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found :  
There would he linger, till the latest ray  
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;  
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,  
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :  
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd  
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
And all its native light anew reveal'd :  
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,  
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,  
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;  
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
One<sup>s</sup> shyer still, who quite detested talk :  
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,  
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone [done :  
The glittering star of eve—'Thank heaven ! the day is

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad  
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;  
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :  
And sure his linen was not very clean.  
Through secret loop holes, that had practised been  
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,  
Our Castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,  
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :  
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day and day to night :  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If in this nook of quiet bells had éver been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :  
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low :  
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still the exulting billows flow,  
The further back again they flagging go,  
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :  
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;  
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar  
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,  
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,  
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :  
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,  
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound ;  
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest<sup>6</sup> there was, of sense refined,  
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,  
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad ;  
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,  
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;  
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,  
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

' Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !  
 But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade  
 To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
 Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;  
 Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid  
 Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
 There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :  
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.'

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus<sup>7</sup> of the age ;  
 But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,  
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,  
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.  
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :  
 With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,  
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
 Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,  
 And now with well urged sense the enlighten'd judg-  
 ment takes.

S

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;  
Who,<sup>8</sup> void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;  
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,  
Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet  
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.  
A little, round, fat, oily man<sup>9</sup> of God,  
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :  
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;  
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,  
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought  
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs :  
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;  
And on their brow sat every nation's cares ;  
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,  
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,  
And the sage berry, sun-burnt Mocha bears,  
Has clear'd their inward eye : then, smoke-enroll'd,  
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court :  
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,  
From every quarter hither made resort ;  
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,  
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.  
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,  
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?  
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;  
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;  
(And labour dire it is, and weary woe)  
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,  
And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the wind.<sup>10</sup>

Now must I mark the villany we found,  
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.  
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;  
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,  
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown :  
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,  
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan ;  
For of these wretches taken was no care ;  
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,  
 To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.  
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,  
 Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,  
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;  
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
 And his half open'd eyne he shut straightway ;  
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :  
 Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,  
 For ever fed with watery supply ;  
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
 And moping here did Hypochondria sit,  
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,  
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ; [wit.  
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :  
 She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,  
 All the diseases which the spittles know,  
 And sought all physic which the shops bestow,  
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,  
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro :  
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why,

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,  
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;  
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.  
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;  
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,  
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;  
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks  
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox."

*del 21*





## CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
 And his achievements fair ;  
 That, by this Castle's overthrow,  
 Secured, and crowned were.



ESCAPED the castle of the sire of sin,  
 Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?  
 For all around, without, and all within,  
 Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
 Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,  
 E'er rose to view. But now another strain,  
 Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :  
 I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
 And of the false enchanter INDOLENCE complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,  
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?  
 To every labour its reward accrues,  
 And they are sure of bread who swink and moil ;  
 But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,  
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee ;  
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,  
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song ;  
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :  
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,  
 To sweep away this human lumber came,  
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy Land there lived a knight of old ;  
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,  
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,  
 But wondrous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,  
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;  
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;  
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,  
 Now pinch'd by biting January sore,  
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,  
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
With wood wild fringed, he mark'd a taper's ray,  
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,  
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;  
There, up to earn the needments of the day,  
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy :  
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,  
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,  
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name :  
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;  
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;  
His tasteful well earn'd food the sylvan game,  
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem :  
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,  
Wild as the colts that through the commons run :  
For him no tender parents troubled were,  
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,  
And, certes, had been utterly undone ;  
But that Minerva pity of him took,  
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
That each to tame the soil and rule the crook ;  
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,  
In every science, and in every art,  
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,  
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart :  
Ne were the goodly exercises spared,  
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert.  
And mix elastic force with firmness hard : [pared.  
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;  
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,  
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,  
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,  
Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,  
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,  
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pried through nature's store,  
Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,  
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,  
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep  
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught :  
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits !  
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;  
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,  
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;  
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,  
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried  
To touch the kindling canvass into life ;  
With nature his creating pencil vied,  
With nature joyous at the mimic strife :  
Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife  
He hew'd the marble ; or, with varied fire,  
He roused the trumpet, and the martial fife,  
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,  
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,  
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd  
Now to perform he ardent did devise ;  
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;  
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies ;  
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,  
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;  
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless prey'd :  
The strongest still the weakest overran ;  
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,  
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;  
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

It would exceed the purport of my song  
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,  
Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.  
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,  
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :  
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,  
Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey  
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.  
A silvan life till then the natives led,  
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,  
All careless rambling where it liked them most :  
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the  
glade ;  
They lodged at large, and lived at nature's cost ;  
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid ;  
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains :  
' Be this my great, my chosen isle, (he cries)  
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,  
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.'  
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest  
hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
Whatever arts and industry can frame :  
Whatever finished agriculture knows,  
Fair queen of arts ! from heaven itself who came,  
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame ;  
And still with her sweet innocence we find,  
And tender peace, and joys without a name,  
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :  
Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,  
And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;  
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,  
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil ;  
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores ;  
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores, [roars.  
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,  
 From the famed city<sup>12</sup> by Propontic sea,  
 What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd ;  
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,  
 And brought them to another Castalie,  
 Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds ;  
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea  
 In pensive mood, and tunes his doric reeds,  
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.  
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,  
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increased ;  
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall  
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call  
 Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,  
 Where no rude care the mounting' thought may  
 And where they nothing have to do but please :  
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time :  
 Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,  
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme ;  
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,  
 Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.  
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains  
 The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,  
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains :  
 The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.



When as the knight had framed, in Britain-land,  
 A matchless form of glorious government,  
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
 Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,  
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent ;  
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main :  
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.  
 The happy monarch of his silvan train,  
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain :  
 His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd  
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk ;  
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far  
 Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk ;  
 Witness, with Autumn charged the nodding car,  
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,  
 Or of September-moons the radiance mild.  
 O hide thy head, abominable War !  
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child ! [viled !  
 From Heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was  
 The amusing care of rural industry.  
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
 New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
 And all the enlivened country beautify :  
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
 O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly ;  
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
 He polished Nature with a finer hand :  
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach ;  
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.  
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,  
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd :  
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,  
 A happy place ; where free, and unafraid,  
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye ?  
 That soul-eneebing wizard Indolence,  
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay :  
 Spread far and wide was his cursed influence ;  
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,  
 E'en much of private ; eat our spirit out,  
 And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence  
 The land was overlaid with many a lout ; [stout.  
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,  
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :  
 To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,  
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.  
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban  
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,  
 ' Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar man,  
 The laquey be more virtuous than his lord ?  
 Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford.'

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,  
 The good old knight enjoy'd well earn'd repose :  
 ' Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call ;  
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !  
 The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'  
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,  
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full speaks  
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

' I will, (he cried) so help me, God ! destroy  
 That villain Archimage.'—His page then straight  
 He to him call'd ; a fiery-footed boy,  
 Benempt Dispatch :—' My steed be at the gate ;  
 My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate.'  
 This net was twisted by the sisters three ;  
 Which, when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too  
 Repentance comes : replevy cannot be [late  
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,  
 Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,  
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,  
 As is his sister<sup>13</sup> of the copses green, 12  
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen!  
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
 Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

'Come (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd mine  
 The demon Indolence threats overflow [ear;  
 To all that to mankind is good and dear:  
 Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,  
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
 Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,  
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:  
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,  
 Shall raise.' Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,  
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous  
 That whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed,  
 He pranced along, disdain'g gate or bar.  
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;  
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar  
 His meditations, but full softly trode:  
 And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.  
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This Truth of Truths, which nothing can refel :  
 ' From virtue's fount the purest joys outwell,  
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul ;  
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
 The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole  
 Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll.'

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay, [rear :  
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And spite even of themselves their senses cheer ;  
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.  
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song : and without hurry all seem'd glad.

' As God shall judge me, Knight ! we must forgive  
 (The half-enraptured Philomelus cried)  
 The frail good man deluded here to live,  
 And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
 Ah ! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,  
 That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
 And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
 But that our charity be not too nice ?  
 Come, let us those we can ; to real bliss entice.'

‘ Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight) all flesh is frail,  
 To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent ;  
 But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
 And think to ’scape deserved punishment.  
 Justice were cruel weakly to relent ;  
 From Mercy’s self she got her sacred glaive :  
 Grace be to those who can, and will, repent ;  
 But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,  
 Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.’

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where  
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade ;  
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
 In witching wise, as I before have said.  
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array’d,  
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,  
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,  
 His countenance fell : yet oft his anxious eye  
 Mark’d them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign’d respect, he bade give back  
 The rabble rout, and welcomed them full kind ;  
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack  
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.  
 Then he resumed his song ; and unconfined,  
 Pour’d all his music, ran through all his strings :  
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
 And virtue’s tender airs o’er weakness flings.  
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings ! / 2

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight :  
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,  
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite  
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.  
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,  
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight  
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower, [power.  
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,  
The wary Retiarius<sup>14</sup> trapp'd his foe ;  
E'en so the Knight, returning on him bold,  
At once involved him in the Net of Woe,  
Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
Inraged at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,  
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;  
But when he found that nothing could avail,  
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place  
Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;  
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,  
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,  
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;  
A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground :  
Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd, with blemish'd look,  
As if on Time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,  
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,  
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,  
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole :  
' There must, (he cried) amid so vast a shoal,  
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl !  
Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;  
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,  
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,  
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.  
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,  
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,  
And play'd a prelude to his rising song : [throng.  
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—' Ye hapless race,  
Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,  
That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway ;  
What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say ?—  
What, but eternal never resting soul,  
Almighty power, and all-directing day ;  
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;  
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.



‘ Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !  
Draw from its fountain life ! ’Tis thence, alone,  
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,  
To seraphs burning round the Almighty’s throne,  
Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
In universal nature this clear shown,  
Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,  
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

‘ Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?  
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
And fann’d by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass  
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?  
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,  
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?  
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

‘ It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
That Greece obtain’d the brighter palm of art ;  
That soft yet ardent Athens learn’d to please,  
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
In all supreme ! complete in every part !  
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
And o’er the nations shook her conquering dart :  
For sluggard’s brow the laurel never grows ;  
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

' Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
 But in loose joy their time to wear away ;  
 Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,  
 Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
 Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;  
 No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,  
 No arts had made us opulent and gay ;  
 With brother brutes the human race had grazed ;  
 None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,  
 none praised.

' Great Homer's song had never fired the breast  
 To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds ;  
 Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :  
 The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
 The monkish legends been their only strains ;  
 Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,  
 Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick  
 swains,  
 Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

' Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,  
 And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;  
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
 Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
 Who then had scorned his ease for others' good ?  
 Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?  
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
 And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

‘ But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
If right I read, you pleasure all require :  
Then hear how best may be obtain’d this fee,  
How best enjoy’d this nature’s wide desire.  
Toil and be glad ! let Industry inspire  
Into your quicken’d limbs her buoyant breath !  
Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :  
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

‘ Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given ?  
Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,  
Soon swallow’d in disease’s sad abyss ;  
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,  
As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

‘ O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
Unclogg’d the body, unobscured the mind :  
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :  
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;  
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;  
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-  
saunce breeds ?

‘ But here, instead, is foster’d every ill,  
Which or distemper’d minds or bodies know.  
Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill  
Your talents here: this place is but a show,  
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.  
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
Where pleasure’s roses, void of serpents, grow,  
Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good Knight,  
And you will bless the day that brought him to your  
sight.

‘ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;  
To senates some, and public sage debates,  
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,  
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;  
To high discovery some, that new creates  
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;  
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;  
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:  
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art!

‘ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair:  
“ All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)  
E’en death despised by generous actions fair;  
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
Their every power dissolved in luxury,  
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free:  
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!”

‘ Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 Of the huge threatening difficulties dire,  
 That in the weak man’s way like lions stand,  
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire ?  
 • Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 Here to mankind indulged ; control desire :  
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,  
 Speak the commanding word “ I will ! ” and it is done.’

‘ Heavens ! can you then thus waste, in shameful  
 Your few important days of trial here ? [wise,  
 Heirs of eternity ! yborn to rise  
 Through endless states of being, still more near  
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear ;  
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime ?  
 No ! no !—Your heaven-touch’d hearts disdain the  
 sordid crime !’

‘ Enough ! enough ! ’ they cried—straight, from the  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly : [crowd,  
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud  
 Of Alpine cliffs where to the gelid sky  
 Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,  
 The rays divine of vernal Phoebus play ;  
 The awaken’d heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
 Roused into action, lively leap away, [gay,  
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
 That lighted up these new created men,  
 Than that which wings the exulting spirit clean,  
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,  
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen :  
 How light its essence ! how unclogg'd its powers,  
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !  
 E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,  
 E'en such enraptured life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,  
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphemed high Jove :  
 ' Ye sons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim'd)  
 What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?  
 While with kind nature, here amid the grove,  
 We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,  
 What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
 Your barbarous hearts ? Is happiness a crime ?  
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon Heaven sublime.'

' Ye impious wretches, (quoth the Knight in wrath)  
 Your happiness behold !'—Then straight a wand  
 He waved, an anti-magic power that hath,  
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand ;  
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;  
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand ;  
 And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,  
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls  
 around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,  
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung ;  
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,  
They weltering lay ; or else, infuriate flung  
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd :  
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,  
Had doom'd themselves ; whence oft, when night  
control'd

The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid ;  
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay  
Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,  
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,  
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile  
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,  
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,  
The sick upraised their heads, and dropp'd their woes  
awhile.

' O Heaven ! (they cried) and do we once more see  
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?  
Are we from noisome damp's of pesthouse free ?  
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?  
O thou ! or Knight, or God ? who holdest there  
That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains !  
But what for us, the children of despair,  
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?  
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.  
' Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in grace,  
To undo the past, and eke your broken years :  
Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,  
With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given  
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;  
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven ;  
She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven. 12

' Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,  
And by these sufferings purify the mind ;  
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd :  
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd ;  
And to a life more happy and refined,  
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
Till then, you may expect in me to find  
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the  
skies.'

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears :  
' For you (resumed the Knight with sterner tone)  
Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon sears,  
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan ;  
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;  
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,  
You feel a perfect change : then, who can say  
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?'



This said, his powerful wand he waved anew :  
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,  
 The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue ;  
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :  
 When lo ! a goodly hospital ascends ;  
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
 That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,  
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
 To see kind hands attending day and night,  
 With tender ministry, from place to place.  
 Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face  
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;  
 Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to chase  
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,  
 Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven dispreeds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,  
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,  
 Then turn'd the Knight ; and, to his hall again  
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,  
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;  
 Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance  
 feigned.



The other was a fell despightful fiend ;  
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :  
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;  
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :  
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show  
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye  
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;  
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along ;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous  
    song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :  
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

*Mar 22*



## NOTES.

### CANTO I.

<sup>1</sup> THOSE isles on the W. coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

<sup>2</sup> The Æolian harp, here designated, has been greatly improved in its structure by a kindred poet, the author of 'The Farmer's Boy.'

<sup>3</sup> The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here described.

<sup>4</sup> The Morning star.

<sup>5</sup> Conjecture has applied this to Dr. Armstrong, the poet.

<sup>6</sup> George, Lord Lyttelton.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Quin.

<sup>8</sup> The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author (since understood to have been Lord Lyttelton), and were designed to portray the character of Thomson.

<sup>9</sup> The Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Thomson's friend and biographer.

<sup>10</sup> After this stanza, the following one was introduced, in the edition of 1746:

One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,  
On whom the idle Fiend glanced many a look,  
In hopes to lead her down the slippery way

To taste of Pleasure's deep deceitful brook :  
No virtues yet her gentle mind forsook :  
No idle whims, no vapours fill'd her brain,  
But Prudence for her youthful guide she took,  
And Goodness, which no earthly vice could stain,  
Dwelt in her mind ; she was ne proud I ween or vain.

<sup>11</sup> The four concluding stanzas were claimed by Doctor Armstrong, and inserted in his *Miscellanies*.

## CANTO II.

<sup>12</sup> Constantinople.

<sup>13</sup> The Nightingale.

<sup>14</sup> A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.



## GLOSSARY.

- Archimage*, the chief, or greatest of magicians and enchanters.  
*Apaid*, paid.  
*Appal*, affright.  
*Atween*, between.  
*Ay*, always.  
*Bale*, sorrow, trouble, misfortune.  
*Benempt*, named.  
*Blazon*, painting, displaying.  
*Breme*, cold, raw.  
*Carol*, to sing songs of joy.  
*Caucus*, the north-east wind.  
*Certes*, certainly.  
*Dan*, a word prefixed to names.  
*Defily*, skilfully.  
*Depainted*, painted.  
*Drowsy-head*, drowsiness.  
*Eath*, easy.  
*Eftsoons*, immediately, often, afterwards.  
*Eke*, also.  
*Fays*, fairies.  
*Gear* or *Geer*, furniture, equipage, dress.  
*Glaive*, sword. (Fr.)  
*Glee*, joy, pleasure.  
*Han*, have.  
*Hight*, named, called; and sometimes it is used for *is called*. See Stanza vii.
- Idless*, idleness.  
*Imp*, child or offspring; from the Saxon *impan*, to graft or plant.  
*Kest*, for cast.  
*Lad*, for led.  
*Lea*, a piece of land, or meadow.  
*Libbard*, leopard.  
*Lig*, to lie.  
*Losel*, a loose idle fellow.  
*Louting*, bowing, bending.  
*Lithe*, loose, lax.  
*Mell*, mingle.  
*Moe*, more.  
*Moil*, to labour.  
*Mote*, might.  
*Muchel* or *Mochel*, much, great.  
*Nathless*, nevertheless.  
*Ne*, nor.  
*Needments*, necessaries.  
*Noursling*, a child that is nursed.  
*Noyance*, harm.  
*Prankt*, coloured, adorned, gayly.  
*Perdie*, (Fr. *par Dieu*), an old oath.  
*Pricked through the forest*, rode through the forest.  
*Sear*, dry, burnt up.

- Sheen*, bright, shining.  
*Sicker*, surely.  
*Soot*, sweet, or sweetly.  
*Sooth*, true, or truth.  
*Stound*, misfortune, pang.  
*Sweltry*, sultry, consuming  
with heat.  
*Swink*, to labour.  
*Smackt*, savoured  
*Thrall*, slave.  
*Transmew'd*, transformed.  
*Vild*, vile.  
*Unkempt*, (Lat. *incomptus*)  
unadorned.  
*Ween*, to think, be of opinion.  
*Weet*, to know, to weet, to wit.  
*Whilom*, ere-while, formerly.  
*Wight*, man.  
*Wis* for *Wist*, to know, think,  
understand.
- Wonne*, (a noun) dwelling.  
*Wroke*, wreakt.
- N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as *withouten casten*, &c.
- Yborn*, born.  
*Yblent*, or *blent*, blended,  
mingled.  
*Yclad*, clad.  
*Ycleped*, called, named.  
*Yfere*, together.  
*Ymolten*, melted.  
*Yode*, (preter tense of *yede*)  
went.

THE END.









